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EDITORIAL

THE TRUTH WON'T OUT

On May 28 the Supreme Court refused to reinstate Oliver North's convictions for acts connected with the Iran/*contra* scandal. The Court let stand an appeals court ruling calling for a hearing to determine whether the evidence against him had been tainted. The result: North is entitled to a "witness by witness"—and, if necessary, "line by line"—inquiry to determine if any testimony against him was influenced by his 1987 testimony before Congress under a grant of immunity from prosecution.

If the Court's ruling was dictated by sensitivity to a defendant's right not to incriminate himself and recognition that sometimes society has to forgo prosecution in favor of a public inquiry, more power to it. But in the case of North (and Adm. John Poindexter as well) the public inquiry was truncated. Congress never aggressively sought to pin down the Reagan-Bush role in the conspiracy, and it has still not launched an investigation into the charges that the Reagan campaign team made a deal with the Iranians in 1980 to keep the hostages until Reagan was elected.

As it happens, the appeals court's opinion was written by Judge Laurence Silberman, who in 1980 was co-chair of the Reagan-Bush foreign policy advisory group. Silberman allegedly was at a meeting with an envoy of Iran to discuss the deal. Silberman should have recused himself like Judge Abner Mikva, who disqualified himself from sitting on the three-judge panel merely because as a Congressman in the 1970s he had voted for the act authorizing special prosecutors.

The stench of partisanship and cover-up is becoming too strong to ignore. As Christopher Hitchens, Gary Sick and others have argued, Congress should undertake a full probe of this nagging mystery called the "October surprise."

SIR NORMAN
Christopher Hitchens

YUGOSLAVIA ON THE BRINK
Slavenka Drakulić

NEW YORK'S NEW GHETTOS
Camilo José Vergara

BIG-BUCK BASKETBALL
Jacob Weisman

MUHAMMAD ALI
Jack Newfield

THE RACE FACTOR
Bruce Nelson
Paul Buhle

HUMAN NEEDS, HUMAN RIGHTS

TIME FOR A SECOND BILL OF RIGHTS

PAUL SAVOY

This year the nation will celebrate the 200th anniversary of the ratification of the Bill of Rights. The occasion provides a timely opportunity for liberals and progressives to consider constitutional reform as a means for achieving what the political process has so far failed to accomplish: closing the widening gap between the rich and the poor, and assuring every person the means with which to secure a quality of life worthy of human dignity. It is time to seriously consider adopting an economic Bill of Rights.

The call to begin this debate has already issued from several sources. Former Senator George McGovern, in a commencement address at Lincoln Law School on May 19, evoked the spirit of F.D.R.'s 1944 State of the Union Message, in which the President called upon Congress to explore means for implementing "a second Bill of Rights," which would make the right to economic and social security as important as the political ideals of freedom and self-government. "Although the Constitution has endured through the ages," McGovern said, "it is time to think about a Bill of Economic and Social Rights that secures the blessings of a decent home and a decent job, nutrition, education, public safety and public transportation, medical care and preservation of the earth's resources." The National Organization for Women's Commission for Responsive Democracy has been holding public hearings during the past six months to explore the possibility of

(*Cont. on p. 814*)

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LETTERS.

SUFFER THE LITTLE CHILDREN

New York City

We at Philip Morris marveled at the feat of journalistic legerdemain by which Morton Mintz in his May 6 article, "Marketing Tobacco to Children," managed to convert our campaign against tobacco use by minors into " 'the assumption . . . that Philip Morris pushed its cigarettes to kids.' " Of course, when Michael Pertschuk, one of the country's most outspoken antismokers, sits on your editorial board, it's easy to obtain such unsubstantiated assumptions.

Relatively more difficult—though not very—is picking up the phone and calling the company you accuse for its side of the story. Had Mintz done so, he would have learned that, for more than ten years, Philip Morris has been taking legal action against manufacturers of children's merchandise who appropriate our brand names and logos, and that during that period we have taken action against approximately 180 such manufacturers. The 1990 ad campaign mentioned by Mintz is a logical extension of this effort. It is an attempt to preclude legal action by making sure tobacco-logoed children's merchandise never gets manufactured in the first place.

Philip Morris does not market cigarettes to kids nor does it want children and teenagers to smoke. We support a mandatory minimum age of 18 for the purchase of cigarettes and strict enforcement of such a standard. We are as firmly opposed to smoking by minors as Mintz and Pertschuk. Where we differ is that we insist on our First Amendment right to advertise a legal product to adults who choose to use it.

Leslie C. Zuke
director, communications

SMOKIN' MAG

Lexington, Va.

As a former editor of *Moviegoer* who was present from the beginning brainstorming sessions for the magazine, I need to make clear that the publication was not, ever, one of R.J. Reynolds's. The magazine, a twenty-four-page monthly glossy distributed on stands in movie theaters nationwide, was conceived and executed by the staff of Whittle Communications (then 13-30 Corporation) in Knoxville, Tennessee. The magazine was designed as a single-advertiser publication because that is what Whittle does best. R.J. Reynolds wished to reach the 18-to-24-year-old market, and a deal was struck. All editorial decisions were made in the magazine's headquarters in Knoxville, not in Winston-Salem, North Carolina. Whittle's money was (and is) made in lots of places, from lots of advertisers. In addition, as far as I am aware, the two companies had a five-year deal (common at Whittle) and the magazine would, I suspect, have closed its doors in the mid-1980s regardless of the climate.

I'm no apologist for the smoking industry. As a former enthusiastic smoker who had the good sense to quit, I deplore the campaigns clearly targeted at teenagers. In my youthful exuberance as *Moviegoer*'s editor, I know I often ignored the truth that the advertising (cartoon camel and all) was influencing a younger market than specifically intended because I thought we put out an exceptional magazine, and we did. But it was Whittle's magazine, not Reynolds's, and that needs to be made very clear. Sure, any magazine that takes advertising has to be responsible to its advertisers, but I think I could argue persuasively that the responsibility is neither more onerous nor more stifling just because there is only one advertiser. I edited that magazine for a couple of years and the only people I had to justify my story and photograph choices to were the other editors. (Incidentally, I always preferred Philip Morris brands of cigarettes.)

Lisa Solod

THIRTYNOTHING

Denver

Congratulations to Lewis Cole! His article on *thirtysomething* and *L.A. Law*, "The Stuff of Real Life" [April 29], was right on the mark. *Thirtysomething* has indeed slid down the slippery slope to specious nonsense (and now, cancellation).

Cole omits two important points about recent episodes: First, they have become decidedly antifeminist (Hope returns to her old women's studies class only to charge it with being man-hating and antifamily); and second, they have championed a return to traditional religion (both Elliot and Michael find solace in the beliefs of their parents). The result is that Gary's death, Nancy's recovery and Ellyn's nuptials should be considered for what they really are—part of the show's self-conscious avoidance of political controversy and its corresponding glorification of yuppie narcissism.

Bradford K. Mudge

'GUILTY PLEASURE'

West Hollywood, Calif.

Lewis Cole's criticisms of *thirtysomething* are quite accurate: It presents a fictional world in which many mommies and daddies of 1950s television would be perfectly comfortable.

On the surface, I have little in common with *thirtysomething*'s characters other than my age and marital status. I am not a parent; I'm religiously and politically committed and active; I teach in an inner-city public school (something the late Gary Shepherd wouldn't have done if he and his family were starving); I live in a featureless Los Angeles stucco-box apartment, not a funky warehouse-district studio like Melissa Steadman, not a rambling old pile like Michael and Hope, not a commodious tract house like Elliot and Nancy Weston. Often these differences would annoy me; these people may have been my age, but they certainly didn't represent my life style or values.

At the same time, I kept watching, drawn in more and more every week because of the sheer power of the writing. Of course the show takes on "subjects," but the subjects come out of the characters, and (this is where Cole misses the point) the characters are so well drawn and three-dimensional compared with those in most other episodic dramas that even many of us vexed by its smug adherence to "traditional family values" are blown away by the emotional truth of the scripts. These people are *real*: Parents really do support like Nancy's and dither like Hope's and overprotect like Melissa's and let you down like Elliot's and Ellyn's and die like Michael's; chemotherapy does make your hair fall out; career ambition does have its price in friendship and family life.

When Michael picked up one of his daughter's toys and said with deepest sarcasm, "I love My Little Pony," I flashed on the ravings of my first husband, now a father, against Raffi, a cultural icon to his toddler. Ellyn's terrified participation in a committed relationship after years of self-destructive behavior is a variation on a theme by my sister. I thought Hope was merely a complacent blot on the feminist escutcheon until the episode in which she felt she had to prove herself worthy of being a Princeton alumna and deal with her compulsive perfectionism. For that hour, she and I were as one, and I've never been able to dislike her quite as much since.

I don't share Michael's ambition, but I empathize with his desire to provide what he thinks is best for everybody; I've often thought Elliot a selfish lout, but I share his rebellious, shtick-laden approach to the workplace. I have nothing in common with Ellyn except her need for constant reassurance, nothing in common with Melissa except her impatience for her career to get off the ground, nothing in common with Hope except her perfectionism. Every week I watch; more often than not I'm in tears at 10:56, tears not jerked by emotional manipulation but trickling from something in the script that has touched a nerve. This ability to make contact with a wide variety of interior lives is what makes *thirtysomething* a guilty pleasure for those of us otherwise put off by the show.

Ellen Jaffe McClain

AUTHOR'S QUERY

For a biography of the late American socialist leader Michael Harrington, written with the cooperation of the Harrington family, I would appreciate hearing from anyone who knew Harrington well or has correspondence or other materials that shed light on his life and career.

Maurice Isserman
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EDITORIALS.

AIDS Politics

The Bush Administration's eleventh-hour reversal of its own plan to end discrimination against HIV-infected travelers seeking to enter the United States is evidence again that AIDS is as much a political crisis as a medical one. For several years this was one of the few countries in the so-called developed world that barred visitors because they carried antibodies for the virus associated with AIDS. Most physicians expert in the disease and public health officials as well concluded long ago that there is no valid medical reason to exclude people with HIV infection. AIDS is not casually spread, and besides, the United States is the center of the epidemic in the West. Exclusion made absolutely no sense.

Accordingly, and after much agitation from the medical establishment as well as from domestic and international AIDS activists, the White House announced that it would change the policy as of June 1 and take HIV infection off the list of prohibited conditions. Visitors would still have to prove their financial standing, presumably to forestall an unlikely flood of poor immigrants looking to take advantage of one of the worst mass health care systems in that aforementioned developed world. But at least the discriminatory rule would be dropped, and American scientists could face

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their foreign colleagues without shame and apologies.

But starting late last winter, a right-wing letter-writing campaign pelted government offices with some 40,000 missives opposing the liberalization policy, and as the June 1 "deadline" approached, the White House swung to the right. Overruling the Health and Human Services Department, Attorney General Dick Thornburgh canceled the change and reaffirmed the Administration's commitment to discrimination against people exposed to the human immunodeficiency virus.

Thornburgh, who is considering a run for the Senate in Pennsylvania, is high on discrimination these days. He is a major mover in the Administration's struggle to kill the current (very mild) civil rights bill. He says the reason is to protect white people from "quotas," just as he says the reason to exclude the HIV-infected is to protect straight Middle Americans from AIDS.

But protection has nothing to do with either case. In the civil rights matter he is furthering the Republican Administration's tried and true racist electoral strategy, which involves raising white fears of black advancement, power and privilege. In the matter of HIV immigration, he is doing Bush's dirty work of gay-bashing (among related assaults) in preparation for the 1992 elections.

Bush began his re-election campaign a few weeks ago in Ann Arbor with an attack on the elusive (some might say all-but-invisible) "politically correct" radicals on American college campuses. The P.C. spectrum is wide (see Alexander Cockburn, "Beat the Devil," May 27), but at its center are lesbian and gay activists, who are this year's "pinkos" to the right wing. It makes sense for Bush to shore up his reactionary flank with a run against gays and against AIDS, a disease that also gives him blacks and Latinos and needle-users as vote fodder.

It is only one of the many horrible historic ironies of the AIDS plague that it came over America in the age of Reagan-Bush. The way this doubleheader regime has dealt with AIDS as a disease, with the rights of people with AIDS and with the whole context of sexuality and health is a moral shame so immense and a social crime so heinous that it almost defies description. The needless pain, the canceled lives and the broken promises inflicted on suffering and anxious millions will go down in the chronicles of this century of moral failures as one of the worst.

After Rajiv

New Delhi

Rajiv Gandhi's assassination has abruptly destroyed many certainties about India. The prospect of fragmentation now menaces the Indian National Congress party, which has ruled India for all but four years since its independence in 1948. A question mark also hangs over the integrity of the Indian state, the stability of the political system and its ability to cope with endemic social turmoil.

The identity of Gandhi's assassins remains unclear. Evidence points to a suicide squad with access to sophisticated plastic explosives. Among the leading candidates are Sri Lanka's Liberation Tigers of Tamil Eelam, which has a strong presence in the southern Indian state of Tamil Nadu, where the killing took place; violent Punjab separatists who have killed more than 3,000 people and vowed to wipe out the Gandhi family; and a group of fanatical Hindus inspired by the man who killed Mahatma Gandhi.

Rajiv Gandhi fell victim to the tendency toward political violence that has been stimulated, appeased or mishandled by the state—and, ironically, by some of his own policies. New Delhi armed and funded the L.T.T.E. and then in 1987 launched an unsuccessful armed operation against it. Through the 1980s, Gandhi's party encouraged Hindu fundamentalism, now the greatest menace to the secular-democratic order, associated with the right-wing Bharatiya Janata Party's campaign to build a Hindu temple where a 450-year-old mosque stands at Ayodhya.

Gandhi's death spells a crisis for his centrist Congress party. Dependent on a single leader and a weak coalition of disparate forces, the party cannot make a smooth transition to a different organizational principle. It remains riven by factionalism and a fierce struggle for control of the 106-year-old party machine. It sought an easy way out of the leadership crisis by asking Rajiv's widow, Italian-born Sonia Gandhi, to take over as party president. After her refusal, the party's top leaders have "elected" (read nominated) P.V. Narasinha Rao interim president until the election process is completed on June 15. But the party's decision on the candidate for prime minister can only come later as the result of contention among a small coterie of Westernized middle-class operators known for their proximity to Gandhi, and regional bosses who often represent narrow sectional and provincial interests.

The Congress party is widely expected to win the concluding two rounds of polling, which will decide about two-thirds of the 543 seats in the lower house of Parliament. Many people are likely to vote for Congress as a way of reaffirming their faith in a broad-based, secular, pluralist, democratic order. But does that mean stable Congress rule? Not at all. The party could split soon after the election unless a new leadership emerges that can remold it.

One thing is certain, however. The Hindu fundamentalist B.J.P. is likely to suffer the most from the political fallout of the Gandhi killing. It cannot possibly hope to win many votes with its temple campaign, which is now seen as too divisive and adventurist. But the Hindu right's isolation may not produce corresponding gains for the left, which is composed mainly of Communist parties—in practice, social democrats with varying degrees of attachment to pre-Gorbachev socialism who have withstood the collapse of Eastern European Communism fairly ably. The left's tally of seats may decline somewhat, especially in southern Kerala. However, in the long run the left could do better if the main ground of political contention shifts to a more secular arena from a terrain that favors the Hindu right.

That is precisely what may happen if the Congress Party does not disintegrate immediately. Even if it splits, it is conceivable that its factions will gravitate toward the only vote-winning strategy the party has known over the past two decades, other than the claim that it represents stability: secular and left-leaning populism. This could work to the left's advantage and

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open up spaces for popular empowerment. It also suggests a likely recomposition of the center-left, possibly with more than one party (unlike in the past) contending for the prime space in Indian politics. Much less likely is the prospect of the B.J.P. emerging as the largest party because of a disintegrating Congress. That would mean a setback for democracy and secularism and further aggravation of problems in the Punjab, Kashmir and Assam. And that could jeopardize Indian democracy as never before. PRAFUL BIDWAI

Praful Bidwai is a senior editor of The Times of India.

Second Opinion

With one 5-to-4 decision on May 23, the Supreme Court struck at abortion, the poor, doctors, the First Amendment and the welfare state—the "grand slam home run" that John Sununu promised a right-wing extremist who complained about the nomination of the unknown David Souter. Continuing his pattern since coming onto the Court, Souter joined the four hard-shell conservatives to uphold a 1988 regulation barring doctors in federally funded family-planning programs from counseling, or even mentioning, abortion except in medical emergencies; there are no exceptions for the sick, the young, or rape or incest victims.

Worst hit, of course, are the 4.3 million women who depend on the federally funded programs for family-planning advice. Many who have become pregnant—perhaps frightened, without money, non–English-speaking and bewildered—will now be getting this misleading advice. They may accept the distorted message as the final word and have the unwanted child regardless of physical or mental risks, a possibility airily dismissed by Chief Justice William Rehnquist and four of his male colleagues, each of whom is paid more than ten times the poverty level and gets excellent medical care at public expense.

Implicitly overruling prior decisions, the Court's ruling also prevents doctors from offering patients their best professional judgment, which in some states could expose them to charges of unethical conduct, to malpractice suits or other liability. Antiabortion activists claim that the defense in such actions would be the federal regulation, but the doctor's voluntary participation in the program and submission to the regulation, knowing the limitations it imposes, may preclude that defense.

The Court's simplistic premise is that since government is paying the piper, it may also call the tune. Does this mean that the government's support for medical and nursing education allows it to tell those schools that they may not teach how to perform an abortion and may not even tell their students that it is an option? that government financing of legal services not only allows the government to prevent legal services lawyers from taking cases to reform the law but also allows it to prohibit them from referring people to other lawyers? that criminal defense lawyers paid by the government can be barred from raising certain defenses? And doesn't the same logic apply to financial support given by state and local governments, which are often dominated by reactionary special interests?

The federal government has become a major source of funds for the poor, the arts and other public needs. The Court's decision gives the government enormous power over what Americans may be able to say and do in these areas. Obviously, a government subsidy may have some strings attached; but until now, certain strings seemed clearly forbidden. It seemed indisputable, for example, that a federal school aid program may not proscribe the teaching of evolution. That is probably still true. But beyond that extreme example, what restrictions *can't* the government impose if it can prohibit doctors from even mentioning how women can exercise their constitutional right to an abortion?

The Court's ruling and its probable aftermath will also tighten the squeeze play on the Constitution that the Reagan-Bush court packing has made possible. Although the Constitution makes Congress the primary if not the sole lawmaking body, the combination of the Court and the President can easily subvert the constitutional design, as we have seen in the efforts to undo the Court's misapplication of the civil rights laws. Adopting Justice Antonin Scalia's theory that administrative interpretations are to be given deference over legislative intent, which he actually considers irrelevant, the Reagan-Bush Supreme Court has consistently ignored Congressional intent and read statutes so as to deny the claims of minorities, women and the poor. When Congress has tried to overturn the Court's interpretation and reinstate its original intent, Bush has vetoed or threatened to veto, thereby governing by a combination of five activist justices and one-third-plus-one of either the House or the Senate.

The result of such onerous and unfair federal regulations will be an increasing reluctance on the part of family-planning groups and others to take federal support. The ultimate result will be the shrinking of several programs—one of the long-term goals of the Reagan-Bush administrations.

Efforts are under way in Congress to overturn the Court's ruling, but the bill may get bogged down with controversial amendments by right-wing opponents. Even if it is passed, the bill will face a presidential veto that will be almost impossible to override. Reagan's legacy continues to haunt us.

HERMAN SCHWARTZ

Herman Schwartz is professor of law at The American University.

★

COMMENCEMENT SPEECH

Commencement is your start in life.
Your duties you must never shirk.
The future's yours, though not right now.
A pity that you can't find work.

Calvin Trillin

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MINORITY REPORT.

CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS

It seems scarcely worth mentioning, but if you should care to turn up subsection 8 of Section IX of Article I of that neglected curio the United States Constitution, you will find the following lapidary stipulation:

> No title of nobility shall be granted by the United States; and no person holding any office of profit or trust under them shall, without the consent of the Congress, accept of any present, emolument, office, or title of any kind whatever from any king, prince, or foreign state.

Living as we do in a time when you want to take the poor old Constitution in your arms and just hug it wordlessly while kissing away its tears, the while swearing under your breath to balm and salve its grievous and undignified wounds, the point may seem a slight one. With such huge and garish violations of the spirit and letter of the Constitution as, say, the negation of the power of the purse (and the innumerable major and minor cuts anatomized by Theodore Draper in his book *A Very Thin Line*), who should care about trifles? The pompous answer I propose is that it matters to defend the Constitution in small things as well as big ones, and that the detail above, insisted upon by the Framers, was a useful and thoughtful one.

To phrase the point in a different way, what the hell did Gen. Norman Schwarzkopf think he was doing when he accepted, while he was still a senior serving officer, a knighthood from Queen Elizabeth II? When Ronald Reagan and Caspar Weinberger went to Buckingham Palace, all dressed up to resemble monkeys on a stick, and subjected themselves to the same ceremony, the emetic influence of the spectacle was the same but the political implications were not. Both men were enjoying ill-earned retirements by then and could freely go about practicing bows and even curtsies if it suited their fancy. The gallant general, though, is another matter.

Having helped reduce Kuwait and southern Iraq to rubble, and having inflicted six-figure casualties upon a people with whom the President said that "we" had no quarrel, Schwarzkopf now feels qualified to lecture the Congress and the public on their—our—respective duties. He also appears to feel qualified as a historian. Listen to his windy address to a joint session of Congress, unloaded on May 8:

> We now proudly join the ranks of those Americans who call themselves veterans. We are proud to share that title with those who went before us and we feel a particular pride in joining ranks with that special group who served their country in the mountains, and the jungles, and the deltas of Vietnam.
>
> . . .
>
> Finally, and most importantly, to the great American people: The prophets of doom, the naysayers, the protesters and the flag burners all said that you would never stick by us. But we knew better. We knew you would never let us down. By golly, you didn't.

This, even though coming from a simple Spartan soldier content to do his duty with blind obedience, is a highly politicized speech. The direct invocation of the official White House line on the "Vietnam syndrome" in the first paragraph can have been inserted only by political authority, and the second extract reads (especially the "by golly" bit) as if dictated over the telephone by George Herbert Walker Bush himself. Note, if you will, the barking reactionary insinuation about "flag burning"—loony rallying point of two years ago and perhaps one year hence. The general knows, as well as any man living, of the superpatriotic exertions of the American "peace movement," who seldom marched without a Saran Wrap of Old Glory. His use of association is both crude and partisan.

There were many liberals and even leftists who, during the run-up to the conflict, pronounced themselves co-belligerents. A popular formulation was "I prefer imperialism to fascism." Now, with a ruined Iraq and a strengthened Saddam—not to mention a strengthened al-Saud and al-Sabah—we no longer have to choose between imperialism and fascism. By a near-miraculous synthesis, we can have both! While Congress may applaud such an outcome if it chooses, it is ominous that a senior general should give public boosts to this kind of politics and then go on to accept a knighthood from yet another foreign monarch.

I called the clerks of both houses, the library of the Senate and numerous other officials of the world's greatest deliberative body to inquire how, and when, General Schwarzkopf had sought or obtained the permission of Congress for his bauble. It was impressively dispiriting to register the surprise and confusion that was occasioned by the question. No one knew if he had—and indeed no one knew that he was supposed to. Finally I was referred to a surreptitious little piece of public law, enacted in 1966, that empowers bauble-hungry Americans to accept awards for soldiering "subject to the approval of the department, agency, office or other entity in which such person is employed and the concurrence of the Secretary of State." Calls to all offices that are made relevant by this rubric have brought me up against similar bafflement. In other words, while it may not be possible to state with precision that General Schwarzkopf violated the Constitution by toadying to Queen Elizabeth, it is a sure thing that nobody in authority knows or cares whether he did or not.

Increasingly, Congress has become a machine for supplying standing ovations, and the presidency a machine for radiating monarchical waves. "Checks and balances" refers to the exchange of bribes and emoluments on the floor of committee rooms. Television is a megaphone for the transmission of official wisdom. And the weeks between Memorial Day and July 4 are looking like a banana republic or "people's democracy" fiesta, with heavy weaponry being trucked past schoolchildren. The Democrats, according to our licensed pundits, must now search for a candidate who measures up not to the standard of Cincinnatus but to the vainglory of a "Commander in Chief." In this cluster of supposedly apolitical and patriotic symbolism, we can see the uses of imperial, military and aristocratic codes in the formation of government by elites and consensus rather than by Constitution.

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ARTICLES.

THOUGHTS AT THE BRINK

State of Fear in Yugoslavia

SLAVENKA DRAKULIĆ

Zagreb

Lately, American friends of mine planning to visit Zagreb and Dubrovnik have been in touch with me. They were wondering about the State Department travel advisory for this part of the world and wanted to know whether war had broken out yet. "Nonsense," I replied with confidence. "We're not at war here. It's more dangerous in New York. Feel free to come." My New York friends will probably be among the few American tourists in Yugoslavia this year, their stay tainted by the edge I couldn't quite erase from my voice. New York may be more dangerous than Zagreb, but the New York danger (New York City has about twice the population of Croatia) is different from the danger in Croatia. There the threat is crime, here the threat is war.

The direct question of whether war had or had not broken out surprised me no more than my own ready reply. How can you tell when a war has begun? Oddly enough, despite the two world wars that have ravaged this country, it's not so easy to tell when one starts. Will it be when we first see tanks, soldiers, corpses with our own eyes (and not on TV screens)? Does war hit us only when it is already too late and the roof is falling in and all the while we keep insisting that such a thing isn't possible? Or does the onset of war suggest a frenzied mob of people frantic to escape, crossfire, bombs, demolished buildings, soldiers at every corner, planes buzzing overhead, fear?

In Vietnam the war meant napalm, burned children, the jungle, the Vietcong. In World War II it meant occupying forces and partisans, people fighting barehanded, domestic traitors, the camps. We have been raised on the notion that war implies mass loss of life, everything en masse, just like the movies. The only problem seems to be determining the threshold. Is it five, ten or a hundred dead? Is the number the same for every country regardless of size? How many victims must die before there is no more talk of terrorism and outbreaks of violence, individual incidents that might have been avoided or at least kept under control?

If we accept as still valid Clausewitz's definition that war is the extension of politics by other means, then what is happening in Croatia and Kosovo is definitely war. It started a year ago with barricades around the town of Knin and the rebellion of the Serbian minority in Croatia, who felt imperiled by the politics of the new Croatian government. Or perhaps two years ago, when Serbian president Slobodan Milosevic sent the army into Kosovo. It is hard to distinguish cause from consequences now, as ethnic unrest in the whole country has escalated to the point where everyone is tempted to proclaim a civil war. And it doesn't matter, because the fact is that politics is being extended by other means—by the army and the police, by tanks, mines, shooting, roadblocks. People have died. So what is missing? Perhaps the question is one of semantics, something in the way we name—or don't name—things.

A German television crew recently visited Zagreb. It was a Saturday, a sunny day. We sat in the Small Cafe on Zagreb's main square. For a while the Germans watched in silence, observing people stroll peacefully around the square, wait for their trams, buy daffodils and the paper on their way home from the marketplace, chat. . . . Judging by this Saturday morning nothing in particular was going on. The TV crew noticed, amazed, that the passers-by didn't seem disturbed. I don't know precisely what it was they were expecting to see. Of course something was going on, but there was still an ordinary Saturday sort of order to things: the marketplace, midmorning coffee, dinner, visits to friends when the talk would inevitably turn to war and whether or not it had already begun. But as long as we can fend off fear-ridden reality with a routine, we feel safe. In the most horrifying living situations, salvation has been sustained by routine, a semblance of normalcy—as Nadezhda Mandelshtam has told us.

In the evenings, however, before our television screens, the situation changes. We grow more vulnerable, more susceptible to fear with each new image of casualties flitting by on the screen. While the city streets are cloaked in night and silence, fear proclaims its autonomy—no matter where it comes from, by whom and when it was sparked. Fear becomes an animal

ILLUSTRATIONS BY J-C SUARÈS

Slavenka Drakulić is a journalist and novelist from Zagreb. English translation by Ellen Elias-Bursać.

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gnawing slowly and patiently at us from within until we succumb entirely to its sharp teeth; a chunk of ice growing and freezing us inside. Your lips feel dry, your palms sweat and your body shivers with the chills of a strange malaise. There comes a time when you stop thinking in terms of politics and weighing the situation realistically—in fact, you stop thinking altogether. Then fear takes over: You catch yourself in mid-gesture in your own suddenly unfamiliar room, paralyzed by the abrupt void gaping before you that sucks in all remaining traces of familiar reality like a maelstrom. You stand motionless, drained of thought. Nothing remains but that crystal moment of pure fear spreading inside. It isn't just a fear of death but of the meaninglessness of organized death, death as a statistic in a long series of statistics, mass death, the lethal power struggle.

When the changes began we didn't imagine it would turn out as it has, our closeness to war curdling the blood with fear. But perhaps the German reporters were right—perhaps we've gotten so used to war that you can no longer read the apprehension on our faces. The word "war" entered our life slowly, on tiptoe; we didn't recognize it right away. Special units of the police stood on guard in front of the National Assembly building and Croatian television headquarters, while in the stores you could buy French cheeses and wines, Norwegian caviar and salmon, American cigarettes, Swiss chocolate, Italian clothing. Despite the presence of the special troops, the fear of war existed at some other level, an abstract level of television and newspaper reports and political speeches that couldn't touch us in the intimacy of our living rooms, like the thunder of a distant storm or strains of background music which, with a little effort, can still be ignored. But the sounds came closer and closer until there was no blocking them out. When the first victims fell, there was nowhere left to hide, nowhere to run.

Has the war begun?

I look at a photograph of the late Josip Jović, at his almost childlike face, and watch Rajko Vukadinović's funeral. I see the face of Goran Alavanja, the policeman who was slain, and hear the voice of the woman whose red Yugo was riddled with twenty-eight bullets. Then I read about the deaths of Stipo Bosnjak, Zdenko Perica, Luka Crnkovic, Mladen Catio; or about the young soldier Sasko Gesovski, killed in Split. And suddenly I register a subtle distinction in my awareness, a line we have yet to cross, the reason that I could still tell my American friends, despite all that has happened, "No, we're not at war." As long as the funeral of each person killed is broadcast and telegrams of condolence from politicians are read, as long as the retouched pictures enlarged from victims' ID cards are published and their wives and mothers interviewed, as long as the wounded police are visited in the hospital by dignitaries and the doctors discuss each wound the victim received on his forearm—as long as political points can still be gained or lost with the casualties, we are O.K. We won't be at war as long as we can remember the names and faces of the victims.

But comes the day when the dead remain nameless ("Eighteen members of the Ministry of the Interior were killed today in the vicinity of Titova Korenica," or "thirteen soldiers and twenty-one members of the police from the Krajina region," or "twenty-five Croats and thirty-one Serbs"), and their funerals and the faces of mourning kin no longer appear on television—no panning of bloodstained earth, no newspapers elaborating the details of their death ("He was standing there, over by that tree; you can still see the marks left by the bullets . . . "), no authorities proclaiming them heroes or martyrs—then war will be here and we will all know it. Even the Americans. □

THE VIEW FROM THE SHELTERS

New York's New Ghettos

CAMILO JOSÉ VERGARA

The anonymous building on 138th Street and Jackson Avenue in the South Bronx has the aspect of a civic structure. Its two facing wings are linked by a cheerful squarish structure with a pitched roof and a windowed cupola that allows light to enter the lofty room below. The orange brick exterior, articulated with delicate latticework, contrasts with the pale green of the metal doors and roofs. Inside, alternating color patterns lend a sense of both order and variety. As with the other new shelters for homeless people operated under the auspices of New York City's Human Resources Administration (H.R.A.), nothing betrays its function. The architects proposed placing a small bronze identification plaque at the entrance, but H.R.A. declined.

Outside, the grounds are well kept, with a shiny new playground, comfortable park benches, trees and greenery. But beyond the perimeter lies a devastated urban landscape. Crack dealers across the street run a busy operation from two buildings that flank a day-care center. In 1989 *The New York Times* designated this area one of the twelve busiest drug markets in the city.

During the day the management discourages people from sitting on the shaded benches that face the shelter's main entrance. The architects are disappointed; they had hoped that residents would use the facilities. But already many windows have been broken, people have been shot, and there is fear that the dealers will set up business by the entrance. The official attitude—against congregating outside—changes at night, when control is limited to the inside. On a visit there one evening last summer I found the benches fully occupied. A boy with a pea shooter was trying stubbornly to break one of the expensive lamps. Nearby, on Beekman Avenue, I was startled by the rapid burst of a machine gun. Three men, one of them carrying the weapon, cut across an empty lot, yet the people crowding the block seemed undisturbed.

Camilo José Vergara is a New York photojournalist who is completing a book on the new American ghetto, to be published next year by Princeton Architectural Press.

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Immediately north of the shelter I saw a poem neatly written on a building wall. Titled "A Boy," it reads:

I am the boy who lives in a slum
surrounded by problems with nowhere to go
I am the boy who has no hope, who solves his problems with a bag of smoke
I am the boy who lives next door, whos father is a drunk and whos mother is a whore
I am the boy who lives a rough life, who has to depend on a push-button knife
I am the boy who must take the first swing
I am the boy who must pull the trigger
I am the boy who whitey calls nigger

The easiest way to find the most depressed, drug-ridden and violent communities in all of New York City is to visit the area surrounding nine of its thirteen large new shelters. Five of these communities are in the South Bronx, three are in one section of northeast Brooklyn and one is in Manhattan. Ten of the shelters are city-owned, and three have been built by HELP, the nonprofit organization run by Governor Mario Cuomo's son Andrew and financed with state tax-exempt bonds.

The shelters are emblematic of New York's approach to the poor in the pre-fiscal crisis days, a multimillion-dollar adjunct to the city's $5.1 billion ten-year housing plan, the most ambitious such project in the country. Hundreds of buildings, sealed for a decade or longer, have been rebuilt as part of the plan begun in 1986, and family houses and green lawns have replaced empty lots. The flip side of these impressive developments, however, is an atrocity, for what the plan is also accomplishing—and what will be aggravated with the city's impending austerity—is the containment and concentration of the weakest and neediest people in places that are sometimes bizarre, often disconcerting and always bleak: reservations of the poor.

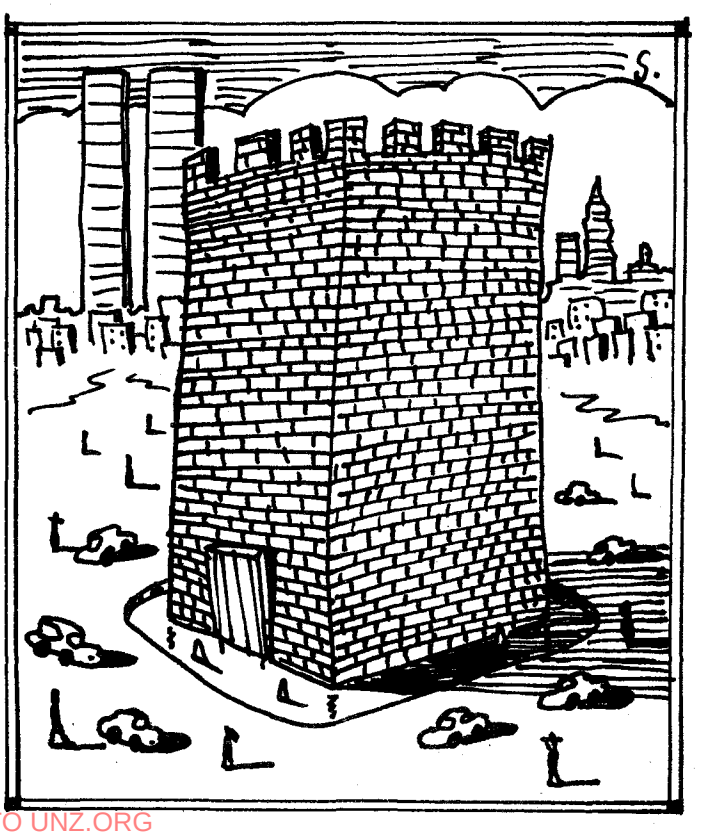
From 1983 to 1989 the area around Times Square was the largest and most visible place for the temporary settlement of homeless families. Infamous hotels such as the Martinique, the Madison and the Prince George are now closed. The new homeless capital is the South Bronx. There, 44 percent of the new permanent housing for the homeless, as well as five shelters, have been completed or are under construction. Three additional large shelters will be in rehabilitated buildings. Manhattan, with only one new men's shelter and a dozen "homeless buildings," is being spared.

"Those looking for a place to put a shelter search for bad communities where nobody is going to ask questions," explains Pancho Rodriguez, a building superintendent in the South Bronx. "Who is going to raise objections in a community where drugs are everything?" In 1983, when New York owned nearly 50,000 apartments in the most destitute and violent areas of the city, the city government decided to reserve units that became vacant for homeless families then living in shelters or hotels. Three years later it located the majority of its shelters in these communities as well, eventually adding more than 2,000 families and several hundred single people. Now, under the ten-year plan, more than 4,000 apartments in formerly abandoned city-owned buildings have been and are being rehabilitated in these same areas as permanent housing for homeless people.

Services and other institutions that no organized community wants in its backyard—prisons, sanitation works and other "NIMBYs"—have followed. New York, famous for its garment district, its diamond district and others, now has its districts for the "homeless industry." Group homes for children and battered women share buildings with homeless families; drug treatment centers, methadone clinics, shelters, soup kitchens and correctional institutions are also springing up. By encircling the blocks in which large concentrations of these facilities coexist with deteriorating housing projects in areas of heavy drug dealing and relocation of formerly homeless people, one can map New York's new ghettos.

For example, in an eight-block stretch of an isolated section of the South Bronx, between the Cross Bronx Expressway and Crotona Park on both sides of Prospect Avenue, one finds six attractively reconstructed buildings intended mostly for homeless families; a shelter for 100 families being built by HELP; a large sanitation facility; and at the heart of it, on Marmion Avenue and 175th Street, a thriving, deadly drug operation. In a *New York Times Magazine* interview last year, Andrew Cuomo was paraphrased as saying that at least half the mothers and older children in his facilities have a drug problem. Why, then, has he placed his shelters in such drug-filled neighborhoods? Rafael, the super of a building on Morris Avenue in the South Bronx, pointed to the 212-family HELP shelter then being completed half a block away and said, "There are drugs on this corner, there are drugs on that corner, there are drugs all over 170th Street. All that the women will have to do to reserve their drugs is to scream out of their windows."

The clustering of destitute people and facilities in isolated



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sections is no remaking of the old ghettos. These "districts" are characterized by their bureaucratic rules, comprehensiveness of form, publicly supported economy and populations marked by the experience of homelessness and addiction. People do not choose to go to these areas; they are sent there, uprooted from neighborhoods and people they know. A small number of downtown officials make the rules that determine who is entitled to reside in most of the housing and to use the facilities. Lower-ranking officials select the needy and refer them to these places.

As much as they are defined by what they possess, the new ghettos are defined by what they lack. In other parts of the city that were once as poor as these, community development organizations have rebuilt economically mixed neighborhoods, pushed out drug dealers and prevented the city from building NIMBYs. But people in the new ghettos are too disconnected to have formed effective organizations. The transient character of the majority of the residents leaves such urban areas unclaimed, and thus politically powerless.

Your Tired, Your Poor, Your Criminal

Along Saratoga Avenue, in a crime-ridden Brooklyn neighborhood called the Hill, four specialized shelters have been completed in the past two years. They have brought more than 300 men and women, some with AIDS, some with mental problems and some drug addicted, to a half-empty area of fifteen square blocks. Because of those they serve, these shelters raise strong community opposition. H.R.A. argues that these people's problems are common among the shelter population; the Hill simply happens to have vacant city-owned land and empty buildings.

The area abounds in NIMBYs. Three apartment buildings are being rehabilitated, mostly for homeless families, and the city has given all the necessary approvals for a Juvenile Detention Center with a capacity of 100. The bulk of the Hill's population lives immediately west of these facilities, in the nearly 700 apartments of the Marcus Garvey and the Prospect Plaza Homes. These are among the most violent and feared of the city's public housing projects. Homeless families, desperate for a place to live, have been known to refuse apartments here.

Even the Reverend Randolph Brown Houses, a well-kept project for the elderly that was once a secure oasis, has begun to suffer from the problems of the surroundings. Grandmothers have been held hostage by their own drug-addicted grandchildren, who take over their apartments and their money. On the bulletin board, a sign advertises the day and the time of the weekly trip to the local supermarket, when residents can go shopping with a police escort.

"I would like the area to come out of the hole we are in and begin to resurrect," says Jeanette Gadson, district manager for Brownsville. "All the social disasters of New York City are placed here, and the city is cutting the budget for social services." A local realtor explains how this came about so quickly: "You have to remember who we are and where we are."

'Still Alive'?: East New York

Sandwiched between the gigantic concrete slabs of the Brownsville projects and the mid-size projects of East New York, another new ghetto is emerging. A quarter-century ago, the narrow area enclosed by elevated subway lines to the east and south, and by Atlantic Avenue to the north, was a crowded industrial neighborhood. Now almost all its family houses have been demolished. Its character derives from the sharp smell of motor oil from junkyards, the pounding of heavy machinery and the screeching of subway trains. The streets are littered with tires, hoses and other auto fragments that local salvagers cannot recycle. In parking lots and buildings, dirty dogs walk through dark, oily pools among men covered with grease, men who load and unload the trucks that remove wrecked and stripped cars from the city's streets. The people who live here tend to be down on their luck: prostitutes, scavengers with their shopping carts, clients of the social service facilities, and families surviving next door to gutted and burned-out buildings.

East New York is also the site of a vast, expensive and unplanned social experiment. In 1981, to meet a court deadline that ordered the city to provide shelter on demand, New York opened its first city-run shelter in an old public school. According to then–Deputy Mayor Nathan Leventhal, the reason for siting the 400-man facility in this school was that "it would have a minimal impact on the community," the neighborhood being mostly abandoned.

In 1987 Andrew Cuomo's HELP chose East New York for its first shelter, housing 200 families. Cuomo says this was the only place where he could get an entire block of land from the city free of charge. In addition to a temporary place to live, HELP provides security, a large enclosed playground and services for the residents. Across the street from the family shelter, Cuomo is building 150 apartments, seventy-five of which are intended for homeless families. He plans to spend three-quarters of a million dollars a year to provide them with social services. At night the shelter seems inviting amid the darkness of the industrial facilities and the empty lots. A woman who lives there sees it "all lit up like an island." Yet neither it nor the apartments under construction can transcend their surroundings.

Three blocks north, the H.R.A. shelter was recently transformed from a men's to a women's facility. Across the street from that rises a busy social service center, built like a fortress, drawing clients from a large section of eastern Brook-

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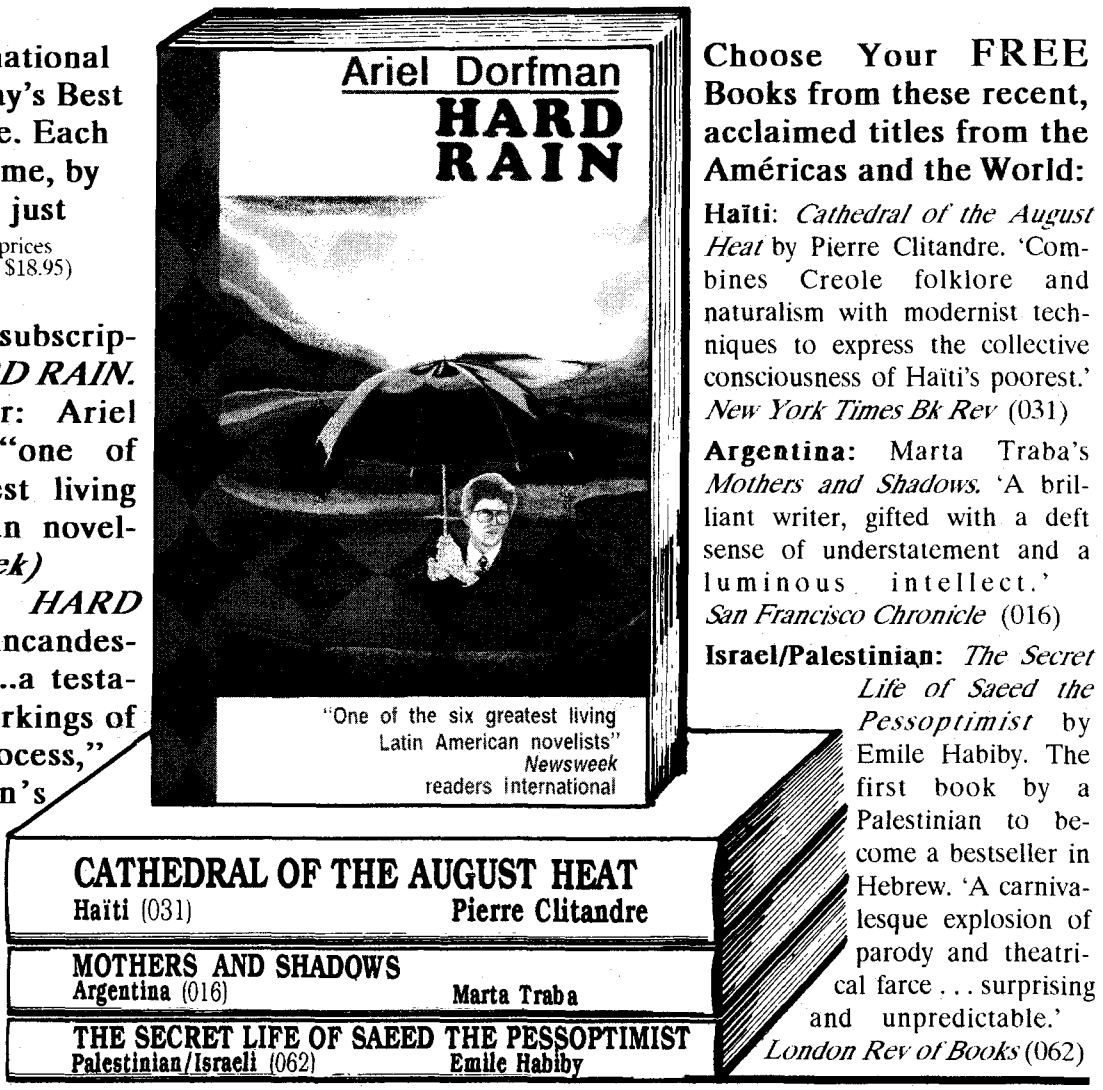

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lyn. Saint Mary's Hospital has two methadone clinics in this area, serving about 600 clients. The city shelter's population spills into the streets; women dally in abandoned buildings and at stoplights, soliciting drivers and passers-by. Called "one of the two most dangerous and threatening shelters in the system" by the Coalition for the Homeless, its only purpose is to offer a place to spend the night.

Life in this industrial-homeless space is vulnerable to violence from the housing projects on both sides. Walking the streets is like negotiating an obstacle course. Groups of menacing young men deal drugs in front of supermarkets, laundromats and subway stops. To avoid being attacked, says a worker in the area, one has "to look at them in the eyes, show them you are ready to fight."

The 'war on poverty,' whose goal was to uplift the poor, has been redesigned merely to contain the poor.

It takes much planning and energy to avoid walking into a drug deal, witnessing a shooting or being shot. A caretaker in the area reports a strange silence and sense of immobility, broken by bursts of gunfire, during weapons sales. The residents, knowing that a gun deal is taking place in their building, dare not leave their apartments.

Even if one did not know the crime statistics or did not hear accounts of the most recent homicides, signs of violence are everywhere: in the spent shells on the ground; in windows so full of holes as to suggest urban warfare; in the homemade targets used to test guns; and in the memorials to the young who have died. Unity Plaza, a low-rise project to the northeast, has been nicknamed Dead Man's Plaza, and in the hallway of a nearby building someone has written hurriedly, in huge letters: "Still Alive."

An urban space that junks cars, warehouses steel, temporarily houses the homeless, administers poverty services and methadone, and is permeated by drugs, fear and violence is not a neighborhood. It is a place where life is leading nowhere, where planning is nearly impossible and where the surroundings speak of dumping, of storage, institutionalization and social control.

A No Man's Land at the Edges

Bushwick, East New York, Bedford-Stuyvesant and Ocean Hill come together in an area of Brooklyn so forsaken that it even lacks a name. Father John Powis, who for a quarter-century has lived and worked in this part of the city, calls it "an unrepresented area made up of the edges of different places; people have been dumped here for decades while the local politicians looked the other way."

Here one can see an exceptionally attractive family shelter, a red brick structure recalling a monastery with its air of self-sufficiency and reverence. But such lofty sensations are overwhelmed by the building's setting. It abuts the Jamaica elevated subway line in a neighborhood where the houses are falling apart. To the west is a shooting gallery. Two blocks east, in an empty lot full of weeds, discarded mattresses, appliances and tires, stands the semiabandoned former Deaconess Evangelical Hospital, now the Bushwick Relocation Center. This shelter houses 133 women, many of whom are rejects from other shelters. Crack users hang out and prostitute themselves. A neighborhood resident described the women as those whose children have been taken away and put in foster homes, and whose only possession is an extra pair of underwear.

Two additional shelters operate in this section, and construction on a large family facility is due to begin soon. By 1992, when the last of the shelters is scheduled to open, a three-block radius along Broadway will have more than 600 homeless people. Amid persistent poverty a stark design for breeding further homelessness, drug addiction, AIDS and crime is emerging.

Pavement and Prison Walls: Briarwood

"A shelter is like spitting in your face," says Michael, a retired teacher who is angry because of the family shelter under construction a block from his apartment in Briarwood, Queens. This most public of the city shelters—and the only one likely to be completed in an integrated neighborhood—is at the intersection of the Van Wyck Expressway, 134th Street and Union Turnpike. Wedged in a landscape of fast-moving car lanes, the shelter will, for a few seconds, be glimpsed by millions. Yet set below street level, its entrance facing the expressway, it is hardly assertive.

"It is being built on sandy soil, worthless land," Michael says. "They spent millions digging and securing the foundations. They say it is going to be three stories high. The prison is right behind. They light up that bastard [the prison] at night; you create a nightmare over there." He adds, "You are going to have ladies pushing their children in their strollers, and I don't like it. I think they would be more comfortable in their own neighborhoods."

The recent fair-share rules of the New York City Planning Commission support a more even distribution among rich and poor sections of the city of what the commission calls burdensome facilities. Yet this is a false hope. Since most of the shunned facilities are completed, under construction or already sited on lots prepared for digging, the rules are too late to make a real difference. Moreover, it is unlikely that the city will embark on another round of large-scale construction for at least a decade. Fair share cannot dismantle what years of political expedience and racial prejudice have erected.

The new ghettos refute the notion that eventually we will all be part of one big middle class. During the past decade the "war on poverty," whose goal was to uplift the poor, has been redesigned merely to contain the poor, further segregating them from the rest of society. With their big shelters, busy social service offices and deteriorating housing projects, these areas employ thousands of social workers, guards, corrections officers, nurses and doctors at a huge cost. Now, at a time of

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ENTRY DEADLINE: JUNE 29, 1991

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ELIGIBILITY: The contest is open to all undergraduate students enrolled in a U.S. college. Articles may be submitted by the writers themselves or nominated by editors of student publications or faculty members. While entries originally published in student publications are preferred, all articles will be considered provided they were not written as part of a student's regular course work.

THE PRIZE: The article that, in the opinion of the judges, represents the most outstanding example of student journalism in the tradition of I.F. Stone will be published in a fall issue of *The Nation*. The winner will receive a cash award of $500. *The Nation* reserves the right to edit the winning article to conform to the space limitations of the magazine. Announcement of the winning article will be made in *The Nation* in the fall of 1991.

DEADLINE: All entries must be postmarked by June 29, 1991.

ENTRY RULES:

All entries must have been written or published between September 1, 1990, and June 29, 1991. Tear sheets or photocopies are acceptable.

Each writer, editor of a student publication or faculty member may submit up to three separate entries. A series of related articles will be considered as a single entry. Investigative articles are particularly encouraged. There are no restrictions as to scope, content or length.

Accompanying material in support of entries is not required, but entrants are encouraged to submit a cover letter explaining the context of the submitted story, along with a brief biographical note about the author. Elaborate presentations are neither required nor desired. Entries will not be returned.

Judges reserve the right to authenticate, accept or disallow entries at their discretion. The decision of the judges is final.

All entries must include the writer's school, home address and telephone number.

ALL ENTRIES SHOULD BE SENT TO:

NATION/STONE AWARD, C/O THE NATION, 72 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, NY 10011

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fiscal crisis, the budgets that maintain the vast array of welfare and government services in these areas are subject to shrinkage and deferral of all but minimal expenditures. In the words of a local resident, the bright new facilities will soon look like "just another rathole." But even costlier, and more deleterious, is the contribution of these new ghettos to dependency, illness and delinquency, and to the waste of human beings. Before the full entrenchment of these nightmarish "districts," the people of New York City need to plan how to dismantle them and begin again. □

BIG-BUCK BASKETBALL

Acolytes in the Temple of Nike

JACOB WEISMAN

The business of sport, most of us are becoming aware, is not only a big business but one that is no longer the sole property of the teams involved—nor has it been for some time. A quick look around the Seattle Coliseum during a SuperSonics basketball game will quickly confirm this suspicion. A total of ten bulletin boards, advertising companies such as Alaska Airlines, Blockbuster Video, G.T.E. ("The smart business") and Safeway ("What a neighbor should be"), circle the outer reaches, blocking scoreboard visibility for fans sitting in the top rows.

Illuminated Coca-Cola signs hang above the four courtside exits. The scorer's table rotates a series of new ads every five minutes or so throughout the course of the game, continually catching one's attention with their sudden movements. No matter where the eyes might rest, no matter how trivial that spot might be, it seems someone, somewhere, coveted its commercial potential. The folding chairs used to seat the visiting players sport Coca-Cola logos. The sweats worn by the Sonics ball boys carry Avia logos (as do their caps and the backs of their shirts); there is also an honorary Coca-Cola ball boy at each game.

The scoreboard is a whirl of computer-generated graphics, advertising such products as Isuzu Motors, Miller beer, Oberto Sausage, Elephant Car Wash, Taco Bell, Tombstone Pizza, BP Oil and Ernst Hardware. In all, sixty-five different product lines flash across the big screen at least once every game—many accompanied by messages broadcast over the public address system. Full-blown advertisements for Coca-Cola, Subaru and Tim's Cascade Style Potato Chips ("The potato chip that goes crunch") fill the breaks between quarters. The Sonics Dance Team, brought to you courtesy of Nestlé Crunch, performs original dance numbers to popular hits between timeouts.

The National Basketball Association and the Sonics are reluctant to disclose the revenue generated by the vast whirlwind of sponsorships, claiming, as well they might, that they have no wish for one company to know what another might be paying for the same service. A more logical explanation for the N.B.A.'s reluctance, however, would in all probability center around negotiations with the N.B.A.'s players' union, which is currently looking into the possibility of including sponsorships and endorsements in its revenue-sharing contract. The players now receive 53 percent of the total gross revenue from television contracts and ticket sales, which adds up to almost $1 million per player.

Whatever the precise amount, the income the Sonics produce from their various sponsorships must be staggering. According to the Sonics' sales manager, Scott Patrick, while twenty-five of the Sonics' seventy-three sponsors pay only between $10,000 and $30,000, thirty-three pay from $30,000 to $70,000, twelve pay at least $100,000 and three pay in the high six figures. Add to that the individual promotions and giveaways, which can cost companies $100,000 or more, as well as league sponsorships divided among all twenty-eight N.B.A. teams, and the total rises well above the large share the players now receive, depending on the accuracy of figures provided for the purpose of leaving a lot to speculation.

Eight or nine years ago, every player on every team, right down to the players on the injured reserve, could expect to make at least $30,000 a year merely from wearing on the court whatever brand of basketball shoes he was paid to endorse. More recently, however, the shoe companies have consolidated their endorsements, paying huge sums to the high-profile athletes while completely excluding those on the lower rungs. The best and most charismatic players, like Chicago's Michael Jordan or San Antonio's David Robinson, can expect to earn many times more than their already considerably large salaries strictly from endorsements. Jordan himself has endorsed at least nine products—two lines of Nike basketball shoes, Wheaties, Coca-Cola, McDonald's, Chevrolet, Guy Laroche watches, Wilson basketballs and Bigsby & Kruthers suits.

The stakes are high, and shoe companies, often at the front lines, begin wooing the players they believe will be the superstars of the future while those players are still in college or even high school. L.A. Gear recently signed Louisiana State University head coach Dale Brown for a rumored $250,000 to have him endorse—and, more important, to have his team wear—its brand of basketball shoes. One of Brown's players, 19-year-old sophomore Shaquille O'Neil, is perhaps the most coveted pro prospect in the country. He may join the N.B.A. as early as next year, but he'll wear L.A. Gear until he leaves L.S.U. to become a professional. L.A. Gear hopes O'Neil will like the shoes enough to give it the inside track in the competition to sign him to a contract when he does leave college.

The process of wooing potential stars often begins even earlier, with bribes of free shoes and athletic equipment to children not yet out of junior high or high school. If players show enough promise, their interests will often be looked after by a shoe company, which will try to convince them to go to the right college—one where their talents can be showcased and where, not coincidentally, the team's coach endorses that company's brand of footwear.

Jacob Weisman, a freelance writer living in San Francisco, worked as an intern in the public relations department of the Seattle SuperSonics.

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S&Ls, Big Banks and Other Triumphs of Capitalism

Robert Sherrill tells the sordid story of the looting decade. It's a feisty account that shows how the S&L crisis was created, how the taxpayers were betrayed by their elected officials and government regulators, who the chief scoundrels are and why the current bailout is a disaster. Most important, Sherrill warns that the Feds, in willful ignorance of the lessons of the S&L disaster, are moving rapidly toward further deregulation of the big banks—a move that could lead to even greater financial disaster. This issue's importance is intensified by today's headlines. *(November 19, 1990)*

Notes on Our Patriarchal State

Adapted from his speech "The State of the Union," Gore Vidal assesses the American political landscape, remarking on the fundamental similarity of the Republican and Democratic parties and the impossibility of establishing a third party, since to have one, two other parties must exist first. Vidal denounces the patriarchal ruling class and encourages those who resist domination of the many by the few. In closing, Vidal condemns the state of U.S. education and evokes the memory of American isolationist Henry Clay, suggesting that Clay's ideas may be of merit in our time. *(August 27/September 3, 1990)*

The American Neo-Nazi Movement Today

Elinor Langer's well-researched and chilling look at the growth of skinhead, neo-Nazi and white supremacist hate groups with direct ideological links to the original Nazi movement. Langer concludes that something deeply disturbing is indeed happening here—something every American should comprehend and confront. *(July 16/23, 1990)*

The Real Story of the Slaughter in Beijing

A year after the terrible tragedy of Tiananmen Square, Robin Munro reports the real story, as he witnessed it. Munro's tale is significantly different from that of the mainstream press; he tells of a massacre of workers and not students, one that took place on the approach roads to Beijing and not in its center square. Vital reading for any student of China and the U.S. media. *(June 11, 1990)*

How on Earth?—Strategies For a Habitable Planet

The Nation's special Earth Day 1990 issue features bold articles by Barry Commoner and Kirkpatrick Sale outlining down-to-earth technological and political strategies for preserving the planet. Commoner argues that government regulation has failed to persuade American corporations to clean up their act, and Sale argues that Earth Day 1990 commemorated the problem, not the solution. "To succeed," according to the issue's lead editorial, "environmental politics needs a movement." The solutions offered here are radical, but so is the problem. *(April 30, 1990)*

'Fetal Rights'—A New Assault on Feminism

Katha Pollitt focuses on the anti-choice forces' new strategy: persecuting women who carry or give birth to drug dependent or alcoholic children. Pollitt tells how mothers are being portrayed as "the major threat to unborn babies." Already in wide demand for college textbooks and academic courses in many disciplines. *(March 26, 1990)*

Women Artists, 1970-1985

Nation art critic Arthur C. Danto looks back on the breakthrough decade of the 1970s, when women "did not so much enter the mainstream as redefine it." Using a Philadelphia museum exhibit as a springboard, Danto argues that the pluralistic focus and economic realities of the 1970s opened the art world to women in revolutionary ways. Finally, Danto describes how the movement of women into the art establishment shattered critical preconceptions as much as it reinterpreted subject matter, laying the groundwork for the postmodern feminist art of the 1980s. *(December 25, 1989)*

Defending the Rain Forest and Its People

Alexander Cockburn and Susanna Hecht's powerful account of the destruction of the Amazon rain forests and the efforts to save them. Also, an inspirational interview with one of the most visible and vocal—and threatened—leaders of the Rubber Tappers Union, Osmarino Amancio Rodríguez. This issue includes Alice Walker's essay "What Can the White Man . . . Say to the Black Woman?" *(May 22, 1989)*

The Armenian Journal of Michael Arlen

Travel through earthquake-torn Armenia with Michael Arlen, author of *Passage to Ararat*. Meet the people of Yerevan, Leninakan, Spitak. See and hear their suffering and hope as they struggle to regain their history and forge their future. Compassionate and rich in detail. *(April 24, 1989)*

Scapegoating the Black Family

Guest-edited and written by African-American women, this important *Nation* issue debunks the myths and exposes the reality of the black family. Margaret B. Wilkerson, Jewell Handy Gresham, Faye Wattleton and others. With a final appeal/challenge to America by speaker, activist and author Ossie Davis. This issue has received widespread attention in academic circles and was nominated for a National Magazine Award. *(July 24/31, 1989)*

The Lords of the Global Village

Mergers and takeovers are transforming the information business, creating companies worth billions of dollars and concentrating power and ownership in the hands of a few. Ben H. Bagdikian, author of *The Media Monopoly*, examines the growth of these giant communication combines, and profiles such media barons as Rupert Murdoch and Robert Maxwell. This special issue is essential to all students of the media, in or out of the classroom. *(June 12, 1989)*

Contradictions of Cocaine Capitalism

Jefferson Morley's investigation of the "drug crisis" reveals the historical de facto partnership between supposed government drug enforcers and their big-time dealer prey. In addition, this issue features E. L. Doctorow's 1989 Brandeis University commencement speech, " 'A Gangsterdom of the Spirit.' " In this address, Doctorow traces the distortion of the, American dream into the grotesque vision that culminated in the policies of Ronald Reagan. The speech gained added importance when its publication was seemingly suppressed by Brandeis officials. *(October 2, 1989)*

Students on the Move

An invigorating look at today's college activism. Contributors include students involved in the nationwide struggle for racial and sexual equality and divestment, and the growth of a new counterculture. With an essay by Alexander Cockburn. *(March 26, 1988)*

Remembering Carey McWilliams

Two reprints for the price of one. **100 years of *The Nation*.** Former editor Carey McWilliams summarizes and evaluates *The Nation*'s history at the 100-year point. Reprinted from *Journalism Quarterly*, this concise essay is available again. **On the Nixon Within Us.** Jules Feiffer's eloquent essay honoring McWilliams's gadfly journalism in an age of Nixonian valuelessness. These two *Nation* reprints are available as one package.

Other Special Issues and Back Issues of *The Nation*

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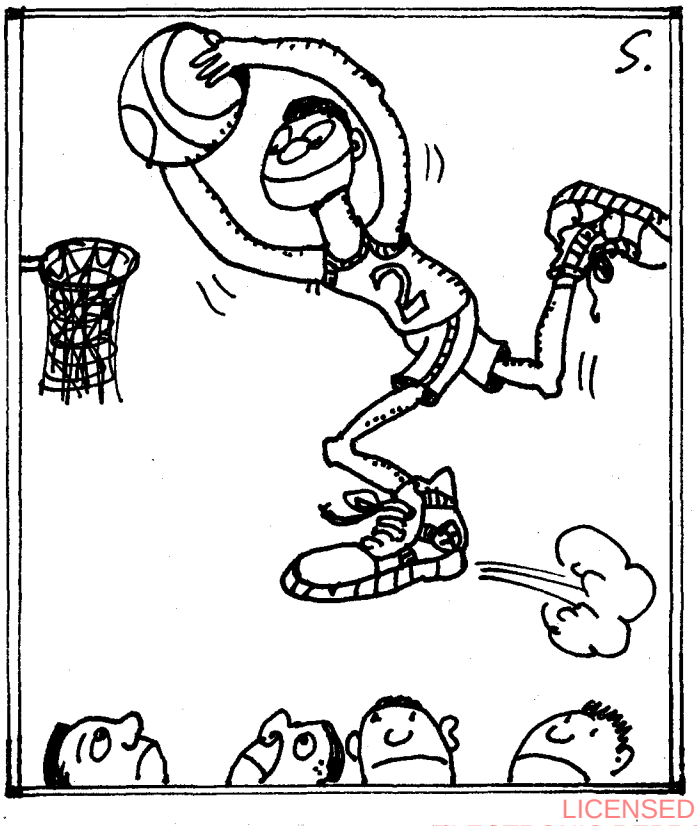
"The stakes are very high," says Ron Grinker, a sports agent representing several established N.B.A. players, including Danny Manning, the first player selected in the 1988 college draft. "It's a big, ugly business: the college recruiting, the shoe business, everything. It's very profitable, very competitive and very ugly."

We learn to see ourselves in our heroes. When we watch them auction off their reputations over and over again while the teams they play for turn their arenas into giant billboards, the message we get is one of unabashed commercialism. "It's the American way," says Grinker. "Michael Jordan is not held accountable because people will literally kill someone to get a warm-up suit with a likeness of Jordan dunking a basketball. Today's kids will do anything to wear a certain product. They're very cognizant of what they wear, and a lot of things happen in order to acquire enough money to procure those products."

Athletes' behavior, whether it involves drug use, the shoes they wear or their views on society, *will* be emulated. They are taught, very early in their careers, to be the best example of American manhood, or at the very least to escape with all their defects undetected. They are taught to frown on drug use, to not drink and drive, and to be respectable, dress well, support charity, work hard, advocate getting an education and so on. If they also blindly support whatever corporation will pay them the most, then that too must be something our society condones.

Athletes today have become almost superhuman, their abilities almost beyond belief. We've become accustomed to players like the Atlanta Hawks' Dominique Wilkins slashing through the foul lane, twisting his body well over 360 degrees in the air and jamming the ball so hard it bounces fifteen feet off the court after passing through the basket. Nothing less will do.



"Is it the shoes?" Spike Lee's character, Mars Blackmon, asks Michael Jordan after we've watched countless clips of a dunking Jordan in a recent television commercial for Nike.

"No, Mars," says Jordan.

"It's gotta be the shoes," replies Mars, unconvinced. The message is clear: Maybe you can't be Michael Jordan, but adding an inch or two onto your vertical leap couldn't hurt—if you can afford the $125 price tag, of course.

"We're not a fashion athletic company," says Nike spokesperson Melinda Gable (although the original Air Jordan's most distinguishing characteristic was its unusual black and red coloring). "We build serious basketball shoes for serious basketball players." In order to make serious basketball shoes, Nike employs what it calls a "Sports Research Lab stocked with sophisticated testing equipment" complete with "certified lab technicians who really understand biomechanical engineering." Scientific breakthroughs on the new Air Jordan model include a completely clear outsole (originally developed by Nike as the shoe of the future for the film *Back to the Future II*); Durabuck, a synthetic material that Nike claims is lighter than leather and resists stretching; and a new ankle collar design (originally created as the prototype for the Batboot in the movie *Batman*).

Nor is the move toward high-technology basketball shoes a Nike exclusive. Reebok has the Pump, a shoe with a built-in air bladder that can be inflated to fit the size of your foot. L.A. Gear, meanwhile, has come out with a shoe called the Catapult (endorsed by Karl Malone of the Utah Jazz), for which it has coined the slogan, "It's not a shoe. It's a machine." The shoes often seem like military hardware. Even shoes in the lower price ranges are often strangely ornamented with brightly colored plastics, bendable rubber joins and interesting or unusual sole designs. The shoes, although not built to perform any particular function, are often designed to look as if they were.

We are entranced by all the high-flying, acrobatic moves, the high-tech mumbo jumbo. What we've come to idolize, above all else, though, is the slamdunk—the ultimate symbol of the domination of one athlete over another. The speed, the power, the suddenness of the attack, the helplessness of the victim are all parts of what appeals to us about the dunk. It's now no longer enough to be able simply to dunk the ball. Now the player must be able to dunk over another player, on the run, off the dribble or, in the case of Michael Jordan, over a crowd.

In the ads, Jordan, Robinson, Malone, Dee Brown, Patrick Ewing and Tom Chambers wear the shoes; those they dunk over, the faceless victims, wear the off-brands. It's kill or be killed. Buy or perish. We are no longer able to feel sympathy for the underdog. He is simply a part of the show—the fall guy in the American dream.

The ads feed the intensity, market it, control it. They do not, however, create the need for such images. There must already be something we find appealing about the sight of seven-feet-one-inch, 235-pound David Robinson dunking over Rudolf Firkusny, an elderly, white-haired, classical pianist sporting dress shoes and a tuxedo. After the dunk, Rob-

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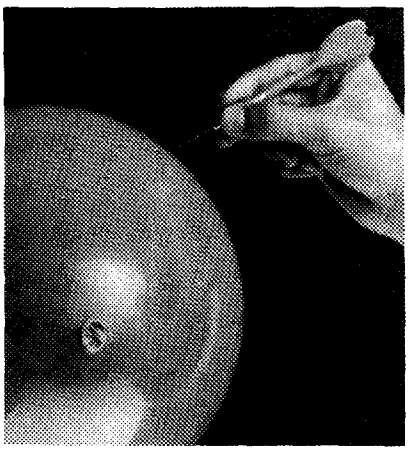
Why the most skeptical people in America subscribe to The Nation.



Our editorial philosophy.

The Nation is older than General Motors and the USSR. We even predate sliced bread.

Yet, despite our advanced age, we have never settled for mere respectability.

Indeed, the longer we're around, the more we pride ourselves on disturbing the status quo.

A paradox?

Not to thousands of our readers still able to declare they are "radical," let alone liberal.

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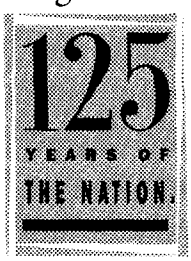

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inson picks up the ball and turns on the little man, points a finger in his face and yells, "Foul!"

As the ad starts, before they've begun their game of basketball, Robinson and Firkusny sit down at opposing pianos. They play; Firkusny is obviously the better of the two—Robinson plays "Chopsticks." Nike evidently wants to stress that Firkusny and Robinson are *both* the best at what they do, yet the nature of the dunk obscures Nike's intentions. Robinson does after all manage to play *something*. Firkusny, on the other hand, is completely befuddled and humiliated on the court as Robinson demonstrates his total physical superiority—not allowing the pianist to compete on any level, not even to perform the basketball equivalent of "Chopsticks," whatever that might be.

The Robinson ad, more than any other, appeals to our collective imagination. We identify closely with Robinson. Firkusny's expertise at the piano is seen as frivolous, highbrow, of no practical value. Robinson, meanwhile, is elemental in his destruction of the classical piano player.

The ideals that Robinson and Firkusny represent form a telling contrast, characterizing the aspirations of different generations. Robinson is young, strong, lightning quick—the invincible hero of the moment, relying on superior talent, waiting to be discarded when his knees give out at last and a new hero is brought in to take his place. Firkusny, on the other hand, has dedicated many more years to the perfection of his craft, honing it until he has finally risen to the ranks of the masters—a lifelong struggle for improvement. In the age of the CD player, the personal computer and automobiles that go from zero to sixty miles per hour in record time, it's no wonder that we've come to replace the older ideals represented by Firkusny with those of David Robinson.

It's the allure of basketball: strong, tall and powerful yet graceful athletes who soar high above the ground with what we choose to believe is primitive elegance, like a hand-woven blanket from Peru or India. It's not that the players don't work as hard as classical composers or pianists; they do, but we choose, for the most part, not to notice. It is not essential to our enjoyment of the game.

Basketball players are the heroes of the moment not just because they are replaceable parts but because at any moment any one of them is likely to do something so fantastic, so unbelievable, that the rest of the game slips into oblivion, leaving only the memory of that play to linger for weeks, sometimes even years. And everybody, from Nike to your local supermarket, wants a piece of that action. □

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Bill of Rights

(*Continued From Front Cover*)

a new political party that would include in its platform a "Bill of Rights for the 21st Century." That document, adopted by NOW at its 1989 annual conference, would expand equality rights and add to the Constitution reproductive rights, environmental rights, rights against violence and "a right to a decent standard of living, including adequate food, housing, health care and education."

In a nation endowed with such enormous private and public wealth, one out of every five infants is born into poverty, 30 million Americans are living below the poverty line, major cities in the United States are experiencing a 20 to 25 percent rise in hunger and homelessness, some 32 million Americans have no health coverage and more than 5 million children go to bed hungry every night. If Americans have become numb to these statistics, it is not because of the atrophy of the human heart but rather because of a radical failure of political will and moral vision.

Contrary to conventional wisdom, neither renewed consumer confidence nor increased productivity can remedy the growing economic insecurity of the American people. A 1989 Ford Foundation report, *The Common Good: Social Welfare and the American Future*, dispels the cruel illusion that the country can rely on economic growth alone to guarantee all Americans a decent standard of living: "A healthy economy, while essential, will not of itself generate the human investments and mutual caring that are necessary for a strong, just society. . . . While America has grown properly skeptical of programs that foster dependency, it has also learned that it is futile to ask people to take greater personal responsibility for their lives unless they have a real chance to escape from material conditions that foster insecurity and despair."

Before the clock strikes midnight, twenty-seven children in America will have died today from poverty, violence and social neglect. Although we like to think of ourselves as a generous people, there is in the very nature of our legal and political institutions a systematic indifference to human suffering. In a lawsuit brought in behalf of a 4-year-old who was brutally beaten by his father and suffered such severe brain damage that he will spend the rest of his life in an institution for the mentally retarded, the Supreme Court ruled in 1989 that county welfare officials could not be sued for failing to remove the child from his father's custody despite their knowledge of a long history of abuse. Although regretting the result as "undeniably tragic," Chief Justice William Rehnquist, in his opinion for the Court, declared that the Constitution "confer[s] no affirmative right to governmental aid, even when such aid may be necessary to secure life."

Our civil rights and civil liberties are rights in the negative sense. The provisions of the Bill of Rights guaranteeing freedom of speech and religion and due process of law are pro-

Paul Savoy, an attorney specializing in constitutional law, is a former dean of John F. Kennedy University School of Law.

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tections *from* government. They do not include affirmative obligations *on* government. We do not have a constitutional right to have the state provide us with health care, or give us shelter if we are homeless, or prevent a child from being beaten or from starving to death. This is what Columbia University law professor Louis Henkin describes as one of "the serious genetic defects" of our Bill of Rights. Professor Henkin, who is co-director of the Center for the Study of Human Rights at Columbia, points out that the "international human rights movement that developed after the Second World War gives equal place to economic and social rights, but these human rights have no constitutional status in the U.S." We have developed a broad range of legislative programs in America to provide aid to dependent children, health and nutrition services, housing allowances, unemployment and disability insurance, and other social protections for individuals. However, since they have not been put into the Constitution, these benefits are not fundamental entitlements but are subject to budgetary constraints, the shifting winds of the political process, and the competing demands of defense spending and other federal programs.

Moreover, the beneficiaries of most social welfare programs continue to be treated as charity recipients rather than rights-holders in the same sense that we regard *The New York Times* as the holder of a right to freedom of the press. Why, aside from a long history of social prejudice, should this be so? Why does a person have a constitutional right to free speech, or a right to a lawyer if charged with a crime, but no right to be fed if he or she is starving? By expanding the concept of constitutional rights to include the affirmative right to a decent standard of living, it is possible to create an entirely new form of politics out of what Vaclav Havel has called "the phenomenon of the human conscience."

The great challenge for men and women of conscience and vision in America is to build a politics that will elevate progressive causes to constitutional status. It is a politics that speaks to the fundamental right to live in a just and humane society, free not only from discrimination on the basis of race, sex, age, sexual orientation, health condition or physical disability but free from hunger, homelessness, unemployment, illiteracy, drug abuse, high infant mortality, inadequate health care and a toxic environment. It is a politics of institutional transformation that can begin with a call for a Bill of Human Rights and Services that would expand our existing constitutional rights to include:

§ the right to a quality of life worthy of human dignity, including adequate nutrition, clothing, housing, public transportation, health care and other social services necessary to satisfy basic human needs.

§ the right of families to special protection, guaranteeing prenatal care, child care, and a reasonable period of leave for family illness or the birth of a child, and family planning assistance, including the right to choose an abortion.

§ the right to an education sufficient to prepare individuals for suitable occupations or professions of their own choosing and to enable them to participate in the cultural life of their community.

§ the right to employment, with guaranteed public-sector jobs for those who cannot find work in the private sector, at fair and favorable wages, with equal pay for equal work.

§ the right to adequate income maintenance in the event of unemployment, illness, disability or other lack of livelihood in circumstances beyond the control of the individual.

§ the right to clean air, clean water and renewable sources of energy, with citizen-plaintiffs granted standing to represent the interests of an endangered planet.

§ the right to economic and social security for future generations of older Americans.

No constitutional plan can or should dictate a particular means for implementing economic and social rights. It would be up to Congress to decide, for example, how a constitutional guarantee of employment and job training should be apportioned between public-works programs and government contracts with private employers. Similarly, Congress would have latitude to decide whether the basic necessities of life should be provided by supplementing a full-employment plan with a guaranteed-income program or with an assistance program similar to the existing welfare system. Congress also would have discretion to determine whether a guarantee of universal health care should be implemented according to the Canadian model of public insurance, which uses tax dollars to provide essential medical care to everyone at no charge, or by allocating responsibility between government programs and publicly mandated employer contributions to private insurance plans. However, without a constitutional mandate for socializing economic opportunities and correcting the failures of the nation's system of health and social services, such proposals will be treated by Congress as so much pie-in-the-sky that can be ignored as too costly.

By requiring Congress to put human needs before military

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needs, a bill of economic and social rights would compel reductions in the defense budget and yield a substantial portion of the revenue needed to pay the bill. A 25 percent cut in defense spending would produce a quarter of a trillion dollars over a three-year period at current spending levels. The cost of launching two Patriot missiles would provide health care for 13,000 homeless children through a mobile medical outreach program. The cost of feeding U.S. troops in the Persian Gulf for one month would provide meals for a million children for a year through the National School Lunch Program. The cost of chemical protection suits ordered by the Pentagon would provide health, education and medical services for 4 million women a year through Planned Parenthood.

Adoption of an economic Bill of Rights can be accomplished by existing constitutional procedures. Article V of the Constitution provides two avenues for proposing amendments. The first would require the concurrence of two-thirds majorities in both houses of Congress. The second would permit a populist movement to circumvent Congress by calling for a constitutional convention to propose amendments. On the application of the legislatures of two-thirds of the states, Congress would be required to convene a constitutional convention for the purpose of proposing a Bill of Human Rights and Services. If adopted by the convention, those amendments would then be submitted to state legislatures or popularly elected state conventions to decide whether Washington would be required by a second Bill of Rights to invest at least as much in rebuilding Newark and New Orleans as it has spent in destroying Baghdad and Basra. Ratification of a Bill of Human Rights and Services by three-fourths of the state legislatures or conventions would finally make economic democracy the supreme law of the land.

Because it is on Main Street, not on Pennsylvania Avenue, that the impact of cuts in federal spending is felt, it is in state capitals, not on Capitol Hill, that a constitutional reform movement will most likely begin. America's greatest hope for real change in humanizing capitalism and redefining national priorities thus resides with grass-roots movements and leadership at the state and local level. As former Texas Agriculture Commissioner Jim Hightower has noted, "The truth makes sense in the places where we live."

The call for a constitutional convention may seem extreme, but the state of the Union is extreme. This is an economy in which our cities are in danger of becoming embattled citadels resembling scenes from *Escape From New York*. This is a nation in which a Democratic-controlled Congress lacks the political will to enact a strong civil rights bill or a comprehensive system of national health insurance. This is a democracy that, as a practical matter, is governed to a far greater extent by a one-party system than most countries in Eastern Europe; a democracy in which electoral politics has become so dominated by the power of money that civil rights and social programs are endangered as never before.

Some may see a call for constitutional reform by a populist movement as perilous to liberal and progressive causes. A constitutional convention summoned for the purpose of proposing a bill of economic and social rights could arguably propose other amendments that would repeal or restrict existing guarantees such as the separation of church and state, the rights of criminal suspects, and other civil rights and civil liberties. Although constitutional scholars remain deeply divided over the issue, fears of a runaway convention are exaggerated. In 1973 the American Bar Association, upon the recommendation of a Special Constitutional Convention Study Committee, approved a resolution stating that "Congress has the power to establish procedures limiting a convention to the subject matter which is stated in the applications received from the state legislatures." In 1984 the Senate Judiciary Committee, citing the opinions of a substantial number of constitutional scholars, approved a bill that would impose such limits on constitutional conventions and require selection of delegates by popular election. Stanford University law professor Gerald Gunther, expressing a minority view, cautions that "the final authority to determine the convention's agenda rests with the convention itself." As a practical matter, however, if Congress were to enact limiting legislation and later refuse to submit runaway amendments to the states for ratification, the Supreme Court, which is ideologically committed to judicial restraint, would most likely defer to Congress.

How a new Bill of Rights should be enacted—whether by constitutional amendment or, as some have suggested, by new civil rights legislation expanding the constitutional ideal of equality to include economic and social security, or by other means—is an issue that is likely to stir considerable controversy. What is essential is that a wide-ranging national debate begin and that we begin to chart the road toward establishing an adequate standard of living as an entitlement of all Americans.

The average citizen makes the mistake of leaving the Constitution to lawyers and matters of the common good to special interests. This is unfortunate because lawyers are not commonly advocates for constitutional reform and the public good is no gift of government lobbyists. As the country slides deeper into a recession of the economy and the human spirit, progressives confront a fateful choice: A broad coalition of civil rights groups, feminists, labor organizations, environmentalists, health activists, children's rights advocates and lower-income constituencies can either build a second civil rights movement—this one aimed at ending economic as well as racial apartheid in America—or we must learn to accept the consequences of politics as usual, with less blaming of our political representatives and fewer illusions.

The expansion and protection of civil rights and human services in America have been won only when grass-roots movements have held up a candle to the vision of the human spirit in the face of the indifference or opposition of the politicians. However difficult such a task may be, there are fair, progressive and dignified ways to share the burdens of our fundamental human vulnerability, and we should not shrink from finally declaring that this is one of the great purposes for which our Constitution should be reordained and rededicated. □

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READING AROUND.

ELIZABETH POCHODA

This month's column has been turned over to my colleague Art Winslow for a report on some new additions to the magazine world. I'll return next month. —*E.P.*

According to the recently released *Samir Husni's Guide to New Magazines 1991*, there were 536 start-ups in 1990. Bob Guccione and Larry Flynt may not hear the barking at their heels yet, but launches of sex magazines were most prevalent, at sixty-two. The skin trade more loosely defined—media personalities—accounted for more than forty, as did both life style and sports, the three subjects other than sex most interesting to fledgling publishers. Those hale enough to tackle the big questions were of necessity fewer: The guide found but a single new political magazine (**The American Enterprise**, brought out by the institute of the same name), putting current affairs on a par with bridal and astrological matters (one new periodical each). Before despairing of what such figures suggest about this society or portend for the local magazine rack—eighteen new military publications have sprouted now that the "Vietnam syndrome" has been washed away like so much Agent Orange—a look at some recent beginnings, as described by their creators, will show that this may be both the worst of times and the best of times.

Facing Today

Allure is a Condé Nast publication launched in March. Here's how editor Linda Wells led off its premiere issue:

> Beauty is news. It is frivolous and serious, a mirror of society and a bit of frippery. Beauty has started wars and inspired sonnets. It has compelled women to endure elaborate contortions. It can be manipulated to advantage or idolized to distraction. . . .
>
> All sorts of criticism has been leveled at the way magazines handle beauty. The complaints can be distilled into one: By forever telling women how to improve themselves, magazines make their readers feel inadequate, small, in need of repair. . . . but inadequacy doesn't have to be part of the bargain.
>
> That thought lies behind every word and every picture in *Allure*. We shudder at the words "how to" because they sound insulting, patronizing. . . .
>
> All of this affected our choice of a name, too. For a moment, this magazine was going to be called *Beauty Now*. Then we came upon *Allure*. Between allure and beauty lies a terrific gulf. Beauty can sometimes be mistaken for perfection. . . . Allure is, blessedly, something else altogether. It is beauty with personality. . . .

The conflation of beauty and news to create allure is of course well understood by others, such as **Mirabella**, which gives over its June cover and a photo spread to "Hail the Conquering Heroines" from the gulf. Beastly.

Facing Tomorrow

Issues of race—unlike proverbial beauty—cut more than skin deep, and here two excellent start-ups bear mention. Published by the nonprofit corporation New Departures is the quarterly **Reconstruction**, edited by Harvard Law School professor Randall Kennedy, who writes,

> *Reconstruction* is rooted in a desire to break down the de facto racial segregation that afflicts so much of our culture. . . . *Reconstruction* is also rooted in a desire to encourage candor and rigor in discussions about racial issues. Thus, the magazine is distinguished by a willingness to put into print ideas and perspectives that are typically articulated only in small, intimate, one-race gatherings. *Reconstruction*, in other words, is unconstrained by parochial allegiances to any racial totems. It seeks to speak clearly about matters that are often shrouded by euphemism and cant.

Calling for "robust, wide-open debate," its inaugural issue this winter instituted a commendable policy: giving over the last article to criticism of the publication. In that instance, **Reconstruction**'s own associate editor Peter Cicchino captures a classic publishing paradox when he questions,

> And what of *Reconstruction*? Is it to be just a forum for discussion (however edifying that discussion might be) or is it to be something more? That is to say, is there good reason that such a magazine should be conceived primarily as a strategic instrument, a vehicle for promoting social justice? . . .
>
> This conception of the magazine—as a vehicle for advancing social change—assumes a common purpose among the editors and reduces the editorial conflict to a debate over strategic choices. . . . But what if those who are behind the undertaking lack a unified political purpose? What if they are confused, unsure, or in conflict over their visions of what constitutes a just social order? Or what if they have yet to agree on the efficacy of certain strategies for educating for social change?

This of course could be writ large: If such a self-questioning mechanism had been in place in government, we might now have an emergent world order in which smart bombs were not the currency of choice. This is essentially the point that Nobel laureate Wole Soyinka, chair of the editorial board of **Transition**, makes as he introduces the new quarterly, published by Oxford University Press and co-edited by Henry Louis Gates Jr. and Kwame Anthony Appiah. Alluding to the gulf war, Soyinka remarks:

> What is for real now is that the world is again held hostage, that humanity has yet to evolve a rational strategy for confronting and even anticipating the implacable face of the power urge, wherever manifested. . . .
>
> This contest between power and freedom, a primal and fundamental struggle that has been willfully obscured and trivialized through millennia of rhetorical devices, both of the secular and theocratic kind, will hopefully emerge in its naked, crystalline shape and usher in new relationships between state and state, between state and communities, between state and the individual. . . . *Transition* will provide yet another plank in the erection of a global platform for the debate on a new humanistic ordering. . . . The "brave new world" has remained far too long a mere metaphor of social discourse, even a cynical, derisive expression. . . . *Transition* is launched anew to seek the "conjure-word" which will usher that world into the twenty-first century.

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BOOKS & THE ARTS.

Like a Butterfly

JACK NEWFIELD

MUHAMMAD ALI: His Life and Times. *By Thomas Hauser. Simon and Schuster. 545 pp. $24.95.*

With the perspective of more than twenty years, it may be that the true *Zeitgeist* of the rebellious, liberationist 1960s was embodied not by J.F.K., Bob Dylan, Mick Jagger, Tom Hayden or Stokely Carmichael but rather by a prizefighter who came to us as Cassius Clay and is now known to the world as Muhammad Ali.

Ali was champion, poet, internationalist, Vietnam draft resister, comic, rebel, free spirit, Muslim, exile, hero, victim. And he was the purest symbol of black power in the decade of black assertion, pride and consciousness. He had more styles, and more phases, than either Dylan or Picasso. Ali revolutionized boxing and changed the culture by being a free and independent black champion who spoke his mind and backed it up with performance. He wasn't modest like Joe Louis, he wasn't docile like Floyd Patterson, he wasn't white like Rocky Marciano. He challenged conventions, and got off the floor to prevail.

Ali won a gold medal for America in the 1960 Rome Olympics. He was a hero for a night in 1964 when he conquered the invincible monster Sonny Liston, but the next day he declared himself a member of the Nation of Islam. And then he defied the draft in 1967, and thus became a double outlaw. The greatest heavyweight champion of this century was robbed of his prime. Without due process, he was stripped of his crown, and he did not fight between the ages of 26 and 29. We never saw his best night.

Then Ali had a second career, coming back to win two out of three epic wars with Joe Frazier and becoming an international hero all over again by upsetting another invincible monster, George Foreman, in Zaire in 1974. By that time he was perhaps the most recognizable face and name on the planet, especially in the Third World.

Jack Newfield, a columnist for The New York Observer, *is working on a* Frontline *documentary about Don King.*

At the end, as with so many champions, he was fleeced of his fortune. He missed the spotlight and tried one comeback too many, taking a beating from Larry Holmes in 1980 that placed a tear on my notebook.

Today Ali suffers from Parkinson's syndrome and has difficulty talking and moving, although his brain still seems as sharp as when he was predicting the rounds of his triumphs in rhyme. There is little doubt that the punishment he took from Holmes and in the gym preparation for that fight, which should never have been licensed, contributed to his medical condition. The tragic sight of the dancing man of speed shuffling with a tremor, like a mummy, has become an argument for the abolition of boxing.

Ali's capacity to reinvent himself suggests Robert Kennedy, or John Lennon, or even Madonna.

Now, as Ali's 50th birthday next January approaches, a splendid and painfully honest biography-as-oral-history has been written by Thomas Hauser. *Muhammad Ali: His Life and Times*, although authorized, is not romanticized. It deals candidly with Ali's womanizing, his physical deterioration, his cruel disrespect for Joe Frazier and his childlike innocence toward the hustlers and conmen who stole his wealth and used his name. (Even now, twenty years later, a bitter Frazier told Hauser: "I hated Ali. God might not like me talking that way, but it's in my heart. I hated that man. . . . He tried to make me a white man. Then he tried to make me a nigger. . . . I'd like to fight that Ali-Clay-whatever-his-name-is again tomorrow. . . . I still want to take him apart piece by piece and send him back to Jesus.")

Ali was bigger than boxing, and so is this book. It describes the complicated internal factionalism of the Nation of Islam. It analyzes the law and the immense social significance surrounding Ali's draft resistance case (Hauser is a lawyer and the author of thirteen other books). It traces Ali's lost money with the zeal of an investigative accountant. And it has the dimension of tragic literature, although it ends with Ali at peace with himself, reading the Koran.

The methodology, consisting of interviews with more than 200 of Ali's relatives, friends, hangers-on, ring rivals and famous admirers, works because Hauser knows what to leave out. He is like a documentary filmmaker editing for soundbites. He weaves the soundbites into a narrative propelled by the writer's sensitivity and the reader's memory. But mostly the book explains what made Ali great, both as a fighter and as a historical figure.

As a fighter Ali had no weaknesses. His hand and foot speed were quicker than Dempsey's. His chin was more resilient than Joe Louis's. His accuracy was better than Tunney's. And his mind was tougher than Tyson's. He could break most opponents down mentally. He certainly did that to Liston and Foreman. Only Frazier was immune to his mind games. Hauser quotes *Sports Illustrated*'s boxing writer, Gary Smith, on what I always thought was the secret ingredient in Ali's alchemy. "Ali, more than any other fighter," Smith said, "or any person I ever wrote about, understood that in order to be great you need something outside of yourself to flow into. Most fighters aren't fortunate enough to have something like that in their life. . . . Muhammad was fighting for more than himself. He fought for God; his mission was huge. And that's why, in places like Manila, he was able to prevail when other men would have lost."

Ali had an image of himself as a historical force. He drew strength from being a Muslim, even though he didn't practice all the tenets of the religion. He drew strength from being on the African soil of his ancestors when he conquered Foreman in Zaire. He drew strength from the life of Jack Johnson, the first black heavyweight champion, who was also a misunderstood outlaw. He drew strength from the big crowds that chanted his name between rounds of hard fights. Ali was an existential artist, who created himself in action. He had a sixth sense about himself, a secret reserve of the will to win that was rooted in his own imagi-

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nation. Ali, to my mind, did not have the sensibility of a fighter. His capacity to grow, change and reinvent himself suggests Robert Kennedy, or John Lennon, or even Madonna.

Ali also had a sense of play and fun. There was usually the hint of a twinkle in his eye when he was boasting, debating or preaching. He did not have the street cruelty of Mike Tyson. Behind Ali's bravura there was a serenity and wit, a little like the Beatles. He was, remember, middle class and a high school graduate, not an illiterate criminal like Liston or a housing-project mugger like Tyson. Ego and pride motivated Ali, not hunger for his next meal.

Because he is plainly so angry about it, one of the best chapters of Hauser's book, "The Beating," is the account of Ali's degrading comeback loss to Holmes at age 38. Hauser, who was given access to all of Ali's medical records, clearly believes the Nevada State Athletic Commission should never have permitted Ali to enter the ring. Ali was a fame junkie and he wanted to come back himself. But ten weeks before the match, he was given a two-day renal and neurological examination by a team of doctors at the Mayo Clinic.

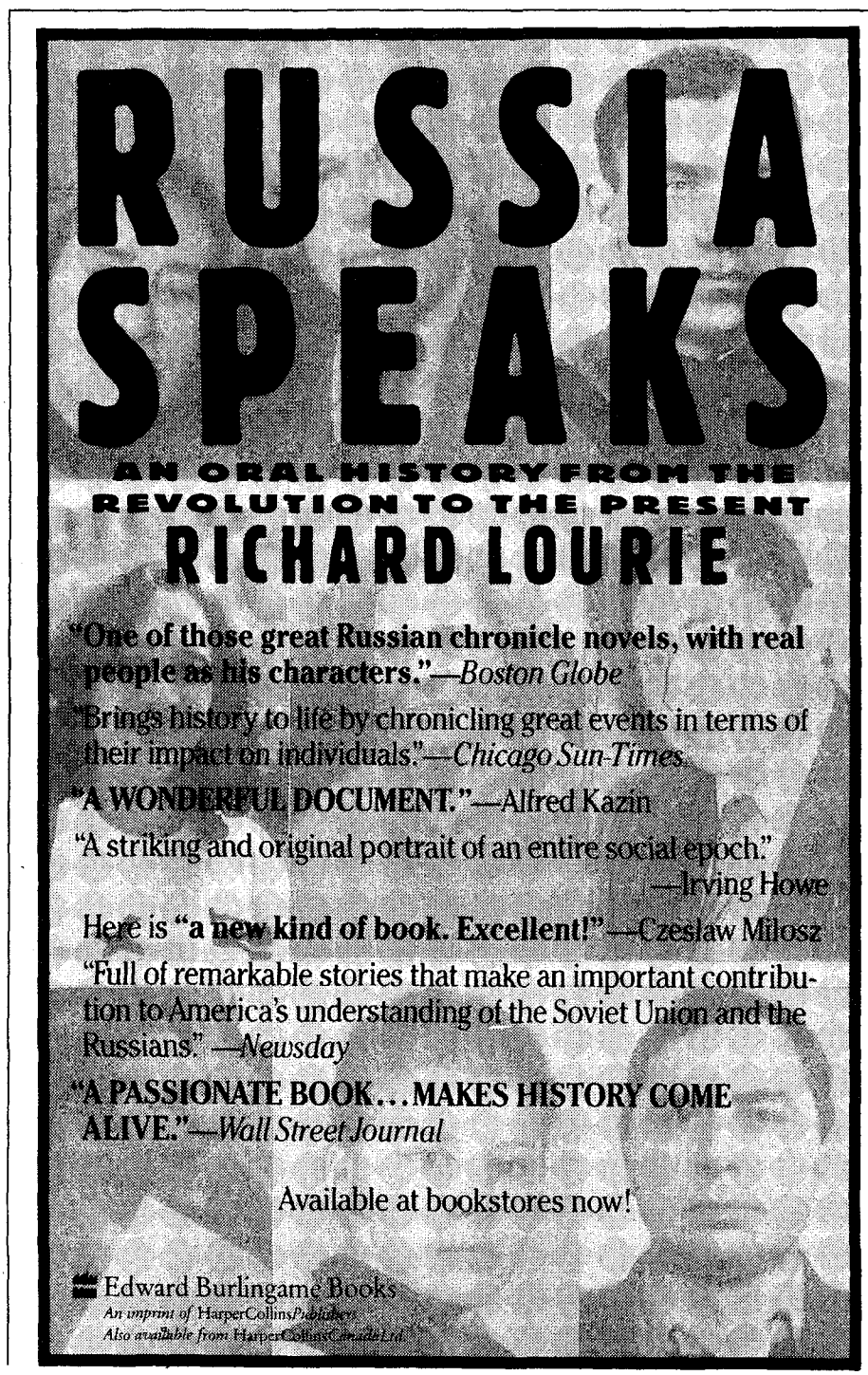
The report given to the Nevada commission said Ali "does not quite hop with the agility that one might anticipate, and on the finger to nose testing there is a slight degree of missing the target." The doctors's report also described "the occasional tingling" in Ali's hands in the morning. And most dramatically, the discovery of a "small cavum septum pellucidum" in Ali's brain, which Hauser calls "a hole in the membrane separating the ventricles that can be enlarged by concussive blows to the head." Ali conned the doctors by claiming his speech was slurred only when he was fatigued.

On top of all this, a few weeks before the fight the personal doctor to Elijah Muhammad and his son Herbert started giving Ali a drug called Thyrolar. This physician, apparently a quack, misdiagnosed Ali as suffering from a hypothyroid condition. Hauser writes, "Thyrolar is a potentially lethal drug, and no one on Thyrolar should engage in a professional fight." Ali believed the pills were "like vitamins."

Dr. Ferdie Pacheco, who was in Ali's corner most of his career, told Hauser: "If a fighter needs Thyrolar, it's like Russian roulette for him to be in the ring. His heart rate accelerates; his basic metabolism changes; his muscles are affected, because muscle tissue as well as fat is burning off. He can't sweat; he's debilitated by loss of water. Thyrolar has never been given to another fighter in the history of boxing that I know of."

Ali was suffering from both a destructive medication and the early stages of Parkinson's syndrome. That, plus his advanced age, made it seem as if an impostor were occupying his body. A sad and reluctant Holmes gave him a sickening beating. And when it was all over, promoter Don King, who had put up his own money for the first time, cheated Ali out of $1 million on his contracted purse of $8 million. For most of his career, Ali's finances were in chaos. But at the time of the Holmes fight, his lawyer was a prominent Chicago corporate attorney of impeccable integrity named Michael Phenner. Phenner sued King for the missing $1 million. But as Phenner told Hauser, Don King went to Ali and paid him $50,000 in cash to sign a release dropping the lawsuit for the rest of his pay. "A tear rolled down my cheek," Phenner says, when he found out what King had induced Ali to do.

Hauser quotes the gifted boxing writer John Schulian: "I hated Don King for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promoting that fight, and I hated Herbert Muhammad for letting it happen. . . . They sacrificed Ali. That's all it was; a human sacrifice for money and power. . . . That night went far beyond Ali. One of the great symbols of our time was tarnished. So many people—blacks, whites, Muslims, Americans, Africans, Asians, people all over the world—believed in Ali. And he was destroyed because of people who didn't care one bit about the things he'd stood for his entire life." Don't cry for Muhammad Ali. As Leon Spinks says, "What for should I feel sorry for Ali? . . . Whatever happens, he'll always be Muhammad Ali."

I have a sense that Ali will soon be as big as he was when he changed his name, as when he resisted the Vietnam draft, as when he became champion an unprecedented third time. A new generation is about to rediscover this exemplar of the *Zeitgeist* of the 1960s, just as they are now rediscovering secondary 1960s icons like The Doors. A few months ago, William Klein's 1964 black-and-white documentary on Ali was playing in Greenwich Village. The line went round the block, mostly kids born after 1964. Ali's 50th birthday on January 17, 1992, will be a nostalgic milestone for my generation, and it is sure to be celebrated.

Mike Tyson's loss to Buster Douglas also subtly enhanced the appreciation of Ali's legend. Every generation wants its own athletic megastar. A lot of people thought Tyson was their generation's fighter. When he lost at 24, it raised Ali's stature; it put Ali's longevity into better perspective; it reminded us how brilliantly Ali rode the fame machine, like it was a skateboard.

The awesome pressures mortals can't imagine, which cracked Tyson's concentration, were somehow converted into motivation by Ali. And this comprehensive, poignant and knowing book is sure to be a catalyst of his coming renaissance. □

Race and Democracy—I

BRUCE NELSON

WATERFRONT WORKERS OF NEW ORLEANS: Race, Class and Politics, 1863–1923. *By Eric Arnesen. Oxford. 353 pp. $39.95.*

In the aftermath of the 1960s, a new generation of historians abandoned the cult of consensus and rediscovered class as a major force in the shaping of American society. Inspired by the work of the great English Marxist E.P. Thompson, his disciples and imitators in the United States saw in the experience of nineteenth-century artisans and twentieth-century factory workers a diverse array of alternatives to the culture of the bourgeois mainstream. Many came to believe that the germinating seeds of these class-based alternative cultures could, in the appropriate circumstances, give rise to oppositional ideas and values of great power—as in the upheavals of 1919, the strike waves of the 1930s and the rise of socialist, syndicalist and ultimately communist movements among some sectors of the wage-labor force.

In recent years the main outline of this "new" historiography of the American working class has been under increasing challenge, from within and without. Reawakened voices of consensus have sneered at left-wing scholars' obsession with class; a reinvigorated institutional perspective has succeeded not only in "bringing the state back in" but in highlighting its capacity to ensnare workers in a complex network of legal restraints; and women scholars have quite properly challenged the "male and pale" orientation of many practitioners of the (no longer new) labor history. Moreover, in the dismal context of the 1980s and '90s, as race relations in the United States have continued to deteriorate and race-based inequalities have proliferated at a frightening rate, a small but increasingly influential cadre of scholars have taken American labor historians to task for their failure to recognize how pervasive racism has been in shaping the outlook of white workers and the practice of their unions over many generations. One of them, Herbert Hill, a professor of Afro-American studies at the University of Wisconsin and former labor secretary of the N.A.A.C.P., argues forcefully that the primary function of trade unions has been not the mobilization of workers against their employers but the protection of the privileged position of whites relative to minority competitors in the labor market. While many historians have dissented from Hill's

Bruce Nelson teaches history at Dartmouth College. He is the author of Workers on the Waterfront: Seamen, Longshoremen, and Unionism in the 1930s *(University of Illinois).*

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sweeping judgments, it is finally becoming difficult if not impossible to write the history of American workers without confronting the ways in which race has molded their consciousness and affected the development of their institutions.

Eric Arnesen's *Waterfront Workers of New Orleans* is a splendid book that addresses these questions in rich detail. His subject—the tradition of biracial organization among black and white dockworkers in a major port city—is so singular that polemicists will likely come away from it muttering about Crescent City exceptionalism. But for the rest of us there is much here to ponder about the volatile relationship between race and class, even in that all-too-rare setting where black and white workers were able to maintain a high level of unity over a remarkably long period of time.

Arnesen examines the development of waterfront unionism in New Orleans from the 1860s to the 1920s. On the city's waterfront, black and white workers labored close together and often competed for place. Although dock work was generally unskilled, it involved a dozen or more separate occupations, with riverboat laborers, or roustabouts, at the bottom and skilled screwmen (so called because of the jackscrews they used to secure cotton snugly in the hold of a ship) at the top. While virtually all roustabouts were black, a small number of black screwmen coexisted with the whites who dominated the trade. Other crafts, such as longshoring and railroad freight handling, also had complements of black and white workers. In general, the unskilled character of waterfront labor made it impossible for whites to exclude blacks; the logic of white supremacy was at odds with the realities of the labor market. Thus in the 1890s organized white workers launched a sustained and violent campaign to drive blacks from the docks. They failed because capital was happy to use racial competition to reduce the cost of labor and because some black workers, desperate for "meat and bread," were willing to align themselves with their employers as a means of insuring a continuing place for themselves on the levee.

Slowly, painfully, white workers learned the lesson that, by and large, black workers already knew: Solidarity across racial lines was essential to the survival of both groups. In 1901 eight waterfront unions came together to form a remarkable organization, the Dock and Cotton Council. Over the years the council would grow to include more than twenty organizations with nearly 15,000 members who agreed to share the work equally and even, in the case of the screwmen, to work in integrated gangs. Although the council observed a pattern of segregated seating at its meetings, and by mutual agreement its president was always white, the organization achieved a remarkably high level of biracial accord. "We have had white supremacy and . . . black supremacy on the levee," declared a black union official in 1908, "and there was trouble in each case. Now, we have amalgamation and freedom and we are getting along all right." So well, complained a white state senator, that when the waterfront unions flexed their considerable muscle, New Orleans was "practically under negro government."

Of course, the goal of the Dock and Cotton Council was not "negro government," nor for that matter was interracial solidarity an end in itself. Rather, black and white workers united around the mutual objective of improving their wages and working conditions, with the result that the screwmen and longshoremen were able to achieve "a significant degree of control over the labor process." Arnesen makes it clear, however, that there were limits to white workers' commitment to equality. This was, after all, a time when the system of segregation was becoming more rigid and pervasive throughout the South. Black union leaders in New Orleans were careful to deny any aspiration to "social equality," and British observers noted in 1911 that "the two races will work side by side, but they will not play together, go to the same schools, or sit together in tramway cars." On the docks, foremen were almost always white, and when black longshoremen demanded an equal share of these positions, whites emphatically drew the line. "We'll have no nigger[s] bossing us as foremen," declared one white worker at a meeting that threatened to erupt into a riot. The issue was resolved peacefully only when blacks withdrew their demand.

The Dock and Cotton Council survived in this increasingly separate and unequal society for nearly a quarter of a century. Its demise came in the 1920s, not—as long supposed—because of the erosion of interracial solidarity among dockworkers but because over time capital in New Orleans had accumulated the economic cohesion and might, and the political allies, to whip labor in a direct test of strength. The dockworkers' crushing defeat in a 1923 strike was part of a

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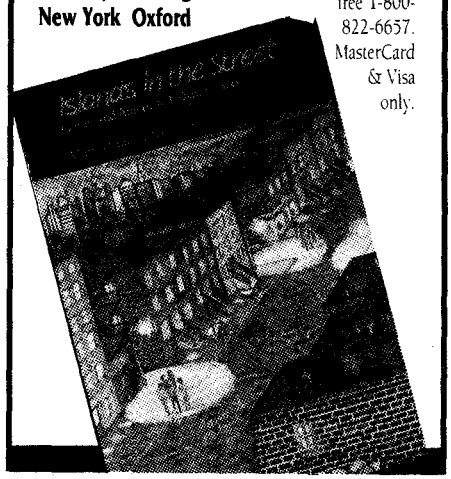

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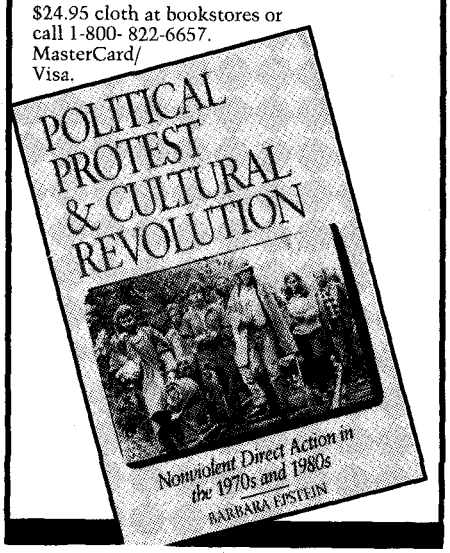

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larger pattern of setbacks for organized labor in the antiunion climate of the Golden Twenties. But the demise of the Dock and Cotton Council was particularly poignant because it had served for so long as a unique example of interracial solidarity and working-class power in the heart of the Deep South.

The council's passing marked the beginning of a long era of employer hegemony and declining wages and conditions on the New Orleans waterfront. Not even the interracial unionism of the Congress of Industrial Organizations (C.I.O.) in the 1930s or the democratic ferment generated by World War II could shake the pattern of racial separation and distrust that re-emerged out of the ashes of the Dock and Cotton Council's defeat. But the passage of federal labor legislation in the 1930s did lead to the establishment of segregated unions affiliated with the American Federation of Labor and endorsed by the employers as a necessary bulwark against the left-wing, and C.I.O.-affiliated, organization of dockworkers that was taking root on the West Coast.

As the pace of Southern economic development quickened and job opportunities for whites expanded accordingly, the docks became more than ever an enclave of black employment and leadership. In a less sinister variation on Elia Kazan's portrayal of the port of New York in *On the Waterfront*, generations of black leaders established a reputation for blatantly corrupt and undemocratic practices. But in the manner of Tammany ward bosses and immigrant padrones they delivered the goods to their constituents. Even in the midst of the civil rights revolution that demolished the walls of Jim Crow, black longshoremen in New Orleans and other Gulf of Mexico ports clung to the "separate but equal" edifices they had constructed until a federal court ordered them to merge with white locals in 1983. It was the end of a long era, and some black workers have bitterly lamented its passing.

It is by now commonplace, but nonetheless painful, to observe that since the passage of the great civil rights legislation of the mid-1960s race has sharpened the lines of division among American workers, and these divisions have played a major role in thwarting the development of a progressive, class-based politics in the United States. From the vantage point of historians, there is a depressing sense in which powerful and retrograde themes have come full circle in the development of American society. In the nineteenth century, white workers were deeply invested in a culture of white supremacy that took black inferiority as a given and that needed blacks to fail—in the labor market and the larger society—in order to justify whites' economic advantages and self-justifying ideological premises. In the 1990s, for reasons that are more complex but not entirely dissimilar, many whites, including many white workers, also have a stake in black failure. Indeed, in the zero-sum game of racial competition, black political empowerment in cities such as Birmingham, Alabama; Chicago; Detroit; and Philadelphia is generating an electoral realignment that increasingly finds white workers embracing the party of Reagan, Bush and the buccaneers of the bond market as the surest instrument for the defense of white advantage. In such a context, the limited but real achievements of the Dock and Cotton Council in the era of Jim Crow look all the more impressive. Although Eric Arnesen's *Waterfront Workers of New Orleans* is neither an exercise in nostalgia nor a blueprint for a brighter future, its sophisticated and dynamic portrayal of unionism on the Crescent City's legendary levee offers many insights for those who seek to confront the intractable realities of class and race in American society. □

Race and Democracy—II

PAUL BUHLE

THE RISE AND FALL OF THE WHITE REPUBLIC: Class Politics and Mass Culture in Nineteenth-Century America. *By Alexander Saxton. Verso. 397 pp. $69.95. Paper $22.95.*

The category of empire looks pretty good these days, especially to a particular type of centrist Democrat who retrospectively views the great European empires as key agents for spreading civilization and the United States as the indispensable engine of the New World Order. Now that the cold war is finished, these Democrats have lost their sobriquet; perhaps we should rename them "empire liberals."

Alexander Saxton's *The Rise and Fall of the White Republic* decisively rebuts the current refurbishing of empire. It is an extraordinary book in many ways and is packed with detail and argument. Operating at several levels of political and popular discourse over much of the nineteenth century, *The Rise and Fall of the White Republic* painstakingly shows how the central assumptions of racial and cultural superiority misshaped and corrupted democratic aspirations. Saxton also suggests, more disturbingly, how easily the familiar assumptions have been transposed globally into a triumphalism of the multiracial but white-dominated North over a nonwhite South.

This is grand history in another way as well. No mere social history monograph, *The Rise and Fall of the White Republic* attempts to reassess the large political outlines as they grew out of the Early National period and evolved into the modern two-party system. Saxton has provided the answer, in this respect as well as others, to Arthur Schlesinger Jr.'s *The Age of Jackson* (1945), the classic apotheosis of Old Hickory with only the faintest glance toward Jackson as mass murderer of Native Americans. For Schlesinger, the Democratic Party was enough of a people's movement to encompass racism and egalitarianism; for Saxton, that elision is the very point of the Democratic coalition.

After a brief tour through methodological assumptions, Saxton turns to the immediate successors of the Founding Fathers and how they (especially John Quincy Adams) resolved the apparent contradiction of democracy and empire. "To condemn vast regions of territory to perpetual barrenness and solitude that a few hundred savages might find wild beasts to hunt upon it" was unendurable, Adams wrote in 1814 to British commissioner Henry Goulburn, especially for a "nation descended from Britons." Goulburn informed his superiors, with pardonable exaggeration, that he had "had . . . no idea of the fixed determination which prevails in the breast of every American to extirpate the Indians and appropriate their territory." Not every American, to be sure, but enough for a pervasive *mentalité* that in turn demanded the myth of "empty" land being wasted until whites could build farms and businesses on it.

Paul Buhle is working on an ecosocial historical photographic study, Vanished Rhode Island. *His latest book is the anthology* History and the New Left: Madison, Wisconsin, 1950–1970 *(Temple University).*

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Conquest inevitably led to disagreements over managing the empire. The genteel and Enlightenment-trained Whigs feared that rapid expansion would loosen their own control, and they developed ideologies that might be described as republican noblesse oblige. The "soft" racial attitudes of large planters saw African-Americans as charmingly emotional children (although also valuable property) and Native Americans (although mostly in the way) as the metaphorical embodiment of a vanishing frontier idyll. Jacksonian Democrats, relatively egalitarian when it came to white men's rights, adopted a more brutal racist rhetoric justifying slavery. But they also proposed accelerated expansion into Western lands, with accelerated extermination of the native inhabitants, as a way to crystallize the anticipated artisan/farmer/slaveowner alliance.

The incisiveness of Saxton's interpretation becomes clear through his treatment of the semimythical Davy Crockett. The ideal "vernacular hero" in the making of the "white republic," Tennessee pioneer, distiller and Indian-fighter Crockett was in fact a Whig Congressman. Crockett might have been quickly forgotten except that a New York actor urged writer James Paulding to write a comic play, *Lion of the West*, which established Crockett as a celebrity. After several vastly popular volumes of ghostwritten autobiography, he might yet have made presidential timber. Instead, he insured his niche in nationalist folklore with a real-life last stand at the Alamo. His glorious death notwithstanding, it was genteel Whig connections in the theater and literary worlds that mythicized Crockett, right down to the 1950s television version.

Crockett's path through mass culture was more important by far than any trail he hacked through the wilderness. To Saxton, the "transformation of previously upper-class institutions—not only political parties but press and theater, schools and denominational churches, even the antislavery movement" supplied the contemporary mass media and ideological expression. Saxton takes us on an unprecedented sweep through popular genres to show how the interconnections worked. First he examines the extraordinary development of the penny press. Developed from the 1820s to the 1840s, it articulated the artisanal republicanism of the Workingmen's parties (and soon adjusted to the Jacksonian milieu). It waffled on the status of blacks, but it called for the eradication of Indians who blocked Westward expansion. Next, we find the rise of popular theater, where vernacular comic characters such as Crockett ("half-horse, half-alligator of the western frontier") and Mose (an urban butcher's boy or volunteer fireman) made racist jabs the soul of stage wit. "Class differentials," Saxton concludes, "dissolve into a sentimental oneness of the white *Herrenvolk* for which race becomes the only denominator." A perfect formulation for holding together Northern urbanites and Southern whites.

Slightly later, minstrelsy—which Saxton describes as a consummately Democratic Party form—established a truly unique American genre based on the ideological defense of slavery. Blackface dramaturgy burlesqued high culture and uplift (such as temperance) while providing its white male audiences with soothing visions of the Old South as a collective, rural, childhood past. Stephen Foster, the drunken New York songwriter given to antiabolitionist parodies, added further layers of maudlin sentimentality, fixing the image in standard sheet music for a century.

Saxton completes his unique examination of racial construction less satisfactorily, for he must somehow account for the approach of a Civil War fought—despite the initial unwillingness of Republican leaders—against black slavery. This contradiction-ridden event has been the downfall of many a large-scale reinterpretation of nineteenth-century politics, because at least since A.M. Simons's widely read *Social Forces in American History* (1911), socialists have felt compelled to debunk the idealism of the North (not a hard job) and show how the war led directly to the greed and manipulation of the Gilded Age. Saxton treads that path cautiously, watching for nuances others have missed.

In the world of popular culture he finds, for instance, George Wilkes, artisan Republican radical and founder of *The Police Gazette*, who mixed pornography with a demand for public ownership of railroads. Wilkes became an antiracist Radical Republican in the Reconstruction Era and still later became a newspaper correspondent who sympathetically covered the Paris Commune. Among mid-century novelists, Richard Hildreth's *Archie Moore* and Harriet Beecher Stowe's *Uncle Tom's Cabin* indicted slavery and the slave South by way of emphasizing its coerced and libertine sexuality. Stowe reached greater audiences, Saxton points out, by linking race with the gender at-

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titudes of an increasingly conservative romanticism, showing the nurturing womanly values of her black characters—male as well as female. This "soft" side of American racial attitudes, which placed racial equality somewhere in the distant future, was the best possibility Saxton finds in the existing polity. It wasn't all that great.

But Saxton has missed something important here. In the odder corners of the popular press, such as the prolific Spiritualist newspapers of the 1850s and 1860s, radically gendered ideas were tried out, and sympathy for blacks and Indians found a warm home in less prestigious women's literary effusions. It would not be too much to say that an entire crypto-political genre could be traced from Elizabeth Oakes Smith's widely read naturalist and feminist poem "The Sinless Child," which attributed evil not to the dark forest of popular foreboding but to the brute male mentality. Smith herself, wife of famed "Down East" literary caricaturist Seba Smith, abandoned a promising literary career to become an abolitionist agitator. She took many readers with her.

Saxton's characterization of the Free Soil movement—essential political precursor to the Republican Party—as the product of *Herrenvolk* agitation to overthrow the planter class through a grand landlord/merchant/farmer alliance leaves still more to be desired. He acutely finds a very dark side of Walt Whitman, singer of Manifest Destiny and a Democratic Party hack, who can envision a utopian Oregon reserved for whites exclusively. But Saxton passes too quickly over George Henry Evans, newspaperman and veritable father of Free Soilism, who insisted the West was big enough for all races and who wrote furious polemical defenses of Nat Turner's uprising. In the world of pulp literature, he entirely ignores George Lippard, the best-selling Ricardian Socialist and "Eugène Sue of America," who died at 32 in 1854, not long after he had begun defending blacks in his novels. Finally, Saxton fails to mention those radical German-American artisans, freethinkers and socialists who poured their idealism into Free Soilism. As it turned out, the Homestead Act and the larger Western settlement turned over the West to the railroads and land speculators. But Free Soilers had a variety of motivations, and Jacksonian-style pillage was only one.

These radical figures lacked the audience that racist expansionists enjoyed. But leaving them out flattens the contradictions of nineteenth-century politics, quite as if today's progressive Democrats did not have their own constituents within a mostly centrist (or right-leaning) party. It also leaves Saxton unnecessarily ill equipped for the big windup. Radical Republicans hesitantly drew African-Americans into the Civil War—and sacrificed them when politically expedient. The "soft" Whig side of the Republican Party, in search of carefully managed racial solutions, thereafter disintegrated. The Free Soil side realized itself, according to Saxton, in the Indian massacres of the 1860s, with state party leaders personally involved in the horrifying Sand Creek, Colorado, slaughter of Cheyennes and Arapahoes who were flying a white flag.

This narrative reveals the omnipresence of racism, but it hardly explains the Gilded Age of well-remembered labor and community struggles, some of which cut across racial lines. The narrative of *The Rise and Fall of the White Republic*'s final section seems increasingly thin, because Saxton must put aside so much scholarship in order to reach his conclusion. He touches down on the Western hero, who evolved from the Whiggish (or proto-environmentalist) Pathfinder into the slaughter-happy Buffalo Bill. He finds Jacksonianism revived at its worst, albeit outside regular party lines, with the popular Western riots against the Chinese. Efforts to organize a vital labor movement during the last three decades of the nineteenth century break again and again on the shoals of race superiority. Once more—this time with a crescendo—Saxton's critique of the *Herrenvolk* logic comes clear: "Whiteness . . . came to symbolize the solidarity of producers against those who prospered at the producers' expense by conniving with and manipulating racially subordinated populations." Social Darwinism, and the imperial conquests of the Spanish-American War, realized the logic of the Free Soil alliance on a world scale.

One can disagree with Saxton's emphasis and yet keenly appreciate what he has sought to do. A University of Chicago graduate in the late 1930s, a seaman and carpenter, he was a promising young left novelist of the 1940s whose books always centered on the race and class nexus. Later a U.C.L.A. historian of democratic spirit and antiracist note, he has continued his task of a half-century. *The Rise*

THE PRACTICE ROOM

Think how they must look now
—Elizabeth Bishop

Think of the practice room, the humming off-key
of the heater, a locked-out wind's lament
playing the ivories of a venetian blind.
Think how they would sound now, the white keys

smudged by ebony shadows spanning octaves
with the lightest of feathered strokes,
darkness on snow where a glove, mateless
misguided gauntlet, is shaken, dusted off,

and stuck on a fence post. Unwavering, it waves
at the lot of cars, a stranded tray of loaves
left to rise in the unlit oven of the cold.
And still it snows down the beams of headlights

that sweep the room without disturbing the dust
falling in concert on the score left open
where left off, rest by whitened rest.
A honking of geese commutes from another day

at the golf-course feeding ground past a neon goose
frozen in flight to a target's moon. They aim
for the river, the water hazard of home.
Think of the room in sleep, the metronome

unwound, hammers at ease, strings letting go,
though it will be spring before you know.

Debora Greger

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and Fall of the White Republic is a suitable capstone, for like William Appleman Williams's *Contours of American History*, it is destined to provoke deep self-searching among its sensitive readers—and probably also wounded cries from the old-line historical establishment. □

Nutribabble

ANNE MENDELSON

H. L. Mencken, who was deeply interested in American food, attempted to diagnose what was wrong with it in a 1926 *Chicago Tribune* article titled "Victualry as a Fine Art." Among the regrettable influences he mentioned was "a vast and cocksure rabble of dietitians, some of them more or less scientific." Time has not brought much humility, or even intellectual detachment, to the business of dietetic advice. A Mencken surveying the state of "victualry" today would stand transfixed by the spectacle of a diet-health mania more often resembling an evangelical revival or a subversion scare than any effort at rational comprehension. One cannot blame the heirs of Mencken's more or less scientific "dietitians"—the preferred term today is "nutritionists," which covers a broader terrain not so closely tied to institutional menu-planning—for all the claptrap prefaced with the phrase "Nutritionists advise. . . ." Nutritionists, at least the more responsible ones, know very well that the word "nutrition" means nothing more or less than the older and plainer "nourishment": the process of assimilating the things you eat, from parsnips to Hershey bars, so as to keep the body growing and functioning. The problem is not nutritionists per se but the crude, categorical morality play that journalists and publicists (some of whom also call themselves nutritionists) have created under the misleading label of nutrition. In the usual scenario there are two kinds of food, "healthful" and "unhealthful," leading to either a long and robust life or an early grave.

This Manichaean theme is sounded in many ways. There is the cutesy mode, filled with mechanical, facetious allusions to "nutritional virtue," "clear conscience," "nutritionally upstanding foods," and so forth. There is the no-nonsense lecturing vein that labels hamburgers and ice cream "nutritionally undesirable." The security-risk-under-the-bed approach also has many fans. But no matter what the tone, the word "nutrition" and its derivatives are invoked every day as tokens of salvation. "Peas are a good source of nutrition," I read last year in a *New York Times* gardening column. "Extremely high in nutrition, with no calories, *wakame* [a kind of seaweed] is a good salad ingredient," says Shizuo Tsuji's generally excellent *Japanese Cooking: A Simple Art*. A reader writing to *Times* columnist Marian Burros to ask whether canned beans share the virtues of home-cooked ones was reassured that they are "equally nutritious" if "plain, not in a fatty or sugary sauce."

'I see dozens of cookbooks and hundreds of articles a year purporting to tackle nutritional issues, and the amount of just plain bunk is staggering.'

Here is the morality play in its glory: presenting nutrition as equivalent to shopping lists of vitamins and minerals, failing to grasp that calories are the most basic of all nutritional concepts; or talking as if more fat and sugar make something "less nutritious." Had the hymns to peas and *wakame* said that they have a good supply of certain nutrients, and had the columnist told the reader that sugar and fat added to beans alter the balance of simple and complex carbohydrates and the distribution of calories from different sources, the three statements would have made sense. As they stand, they are monuments to superstition, not science.

Now, I do not ridicule the goals of those who would persuade most of us to eat somewhat differently. There is a reasonable case to be made for getting people to concentrate on simply prepared vegetables, pulses, grains (especially whole grains) and fruits as mainstays of most meals; to be somewhat sparing of fat; and to relegate meat and most animal products to an accessory rather than principal role. But how can anyone remember these commonsensical goals when so many segments of the information industry, from the local TV news to giant advertising agencies, report nutrition and health issues in an atmosphere resembling a terrible amalgam of a superstitious rite and a particularly disjointed live sports broadcast? How can the results fail to slide into absurdity?

Being in the food-writing racket myself, I see dozens of cookbooks and hundreds of articles a year that purport to tackle nutritional issues. The amount of just plain bunk that makes it into print is staggering. Consider the following nonsensical statements:

> Besides being cholesterol-free, beans have, according to recent research, a chemical that helps fight the deposit of platelets (fat globules) in veins and arteries.
>
> If you want to prove to yourself how much saturated fat is contained in poultry skin, cut a piece of chicken skin into small pieces and render the fat in a small saucepan. The fat from just one chicken breast will render two to three tablespoons of saturated fat.
>
> The National Cancer Institute has recently developed a $20.5 million program to study phytochemicals, minute compounds that are linked to cancer prevention and are found in some common foods.

The bean celebrants (Sally and Martin Stone, in *The Brilliant Bean*, Bantam, 1988) have no idea whether they are talking about platelets (not "fat globules" but the disc-shaped bodies that are the immediate agents of blood clotting) or arterial plaque (deposits, primarily consisting of cholesterol, that are formed on the interior of blood vessels in coronary heart disease). God knows what they mean by "a chemical"—possibly soluble fiber, which is a whole group of pectin-like substances. The poultry-fat policer (Ellen Brown, in *The Gourmet Gazelle Cookbook*, Bantam, 1989) does not know that the fatty acids in chicken fat are mostly unsaturated. The description of phytochemicals, from a *Times* piece by Molly O'Neill on the vogue for promoting certain foods as edible vaccines, begins with the meaningless "minute compounds," presumably a garbled way of saying "compounds present in minute

Anne Mendelson writes about American cookbooks.

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YOUNG WOMAN IN THE PRADO

"And Humanity is like a young girl
abounding with longing . . . "
Miguel de Unamuno

My feet are sore, and so
is my spirit, from so
much to see. Like this Greco
with his people braiding into

fire, the relentless
bodies stalks and nettles
or weird-colored flames, his
world far as Cadiz

from the things I know.
This is not shopping. No
straw hats, flowers, or zapatos.
What should I do

with what I see?
That boy near
the fat woman—
the dark one

in tight jeans,
black eyes, full lips:
I saw him before, at
the Garden of Earthly Delights

where the Bosch-God, hidden
in the canvas, tortured sin-
ners for their
indiscreet desires.

Surrounded by saints, why
do I feel he's
asking me to choose?
My father, the minister,

told me I couldn't
keep "the ecstasy
of faith" alive
without prayer and good

works. He said the body
was like Chinese Mountains
lunging upward, to the sky.
I would like to be

seven again, and riding
bareback by the streams
on my grandfather's farm,
Medellín's mountains drowsing

in twilight, and knowing
my sisters and mother
stood in the kitchen
preparing pescado, setting

plates, their laughter stirring
the air, drifting
through the farmhouse,
braiding with orchids and leaves

under the crowded sky.

Askold Melnyczuk

amounts." The actual meaning of "phytochemical" is any chemical compound derived not from "some common foods" but from a *plant*, any blessed plant on earth. The list of phytochemicals, if you wanted to start on the endless task of making one, would include cascara, cocaine, the isoprene in rubber, the stuff in poison ivy that makes you itch and such known carcinogens as safrole (found in the sassafras-root extract that used to flavor root beer).

We pay a lot to encourage ignorant hierophants to throw around scientific terms and numbers in the belief that they are talking science. One part of the price is the amount of time we all spend listening to some variation on "Please disregard previous bulletin from Mount Olympus." Witness the oat-bran affair. A year or so ago the newspapers announced that a Harvard Medical School study had shown that claims for the cholesterol-reducing properties of oat bran did not pan out, leaving many to conclude that the initial reports were some sort of hoax. They were not. They came from a well-known diabetes researcher, Dr. James Anderson of the Veterans Administration Medical Center in Lexington, Kentucky, who was rather too quick to publicize the conclusions he had drawn from feeding oat bran to hypercholesteremic subjects in several studies.

Difficulty in duplicating results being an everyday occurrence in most kinds of medical research, the discrepancy should only have been grist for further study. But meanwhile, most of the cooking-for-health crew had rushed to report the earlier claims as the gospel of salvation. Anderson, though only too eager to be portrayed as the Galileo of a new discovery, cannot be blamed for the silliness of the pundits who traversed the distance from scientific hypothesis to accepted fact in one irresponsible leap, and who then just as quickly certified the new study as gospel. To most lay people it was science, not journalism, that seemed to have made a fool of itself.

The Great Margarine Dust-Up is an equally ludicrous example of the lack of context in the popular nutrition literature. It involves a question that has puzzled many heads for several decades: whether the *trans* fatty acids created in large amounts when oils are hydrogenated to make solid shortenings and margarines (the term *trans*, "on the other side," indicates that parts of the molecule appear in a certain unusual spatial con-

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figuration) share the properties of other unsaturated fats or are a special case. Companies that make hydrogenated fats have long been interested in the issue. Fred Kummerow, one of many researchers who replied to the 1977 McGovern committee (Senate Select Committee on Nutrition and Human Needs) "Dietary Goals" report with detailed comments on some of its recommendations, wrote to the committee that in 1968 the Shortening Institute had prevailed on the American Heart Association to delete a rather mildly worded caveat about *trans* fatty acids and blood cholesterol levels from a statement on dietary fats then about to be distributed. The headlines that blossomed last summer—"Margarine, Too, Is Found to Have the Fat That Adds to Heart Risk," the *Times* noted with an air of surprise—referred to a Dutch study that is only the latest chapter in a long, complicated debate. It monitored blood cholesterol levels in fifty-nine subjects over three weeks, and found that the *trans* fatty acids in margarine raised levels of low-density lipoproteins (the cholesterol fraction most conducive to arterial plaque formation) in a manner similar to saturated fatty acids.

From the reaction in the national news media you'd have thought that a cornerstone of real scientific theory had been demolished. Never mind that the Dutch study did not pretend to address the long-term effects of margarine on cholesterol levels or to measure comparative rates of actual heart disease in people who do or don't eat margarine. It did not matter that this was but one small, carefully limited piece in a puzzle that has been tackled by a whole raft of methodologies with often hard-to-interpret results. Health journalism thrives in lobbing answers at us, not in trying to explain what the questions were and how they were asked.

All kinds of people engaged in writing about food suddenly paused over the word "margarine" on their computer screens. One prolific and able cookbook writer, Jean Anderson, jettisoned about two-thirds of a nearly completed dessert book and started all over again, testing recipes based on olive or canola oil; with the original mentions of margarine, she told me, "I felt I would be a sitting duck." Editors at major women's service magazines hastily reconsidered their margarine policies. The *Times* devoted a "Topics of the Times" mini-editorial to putting down butter heterodoxy and accompanied a lengthy "Eating Well" column on the subject by Densie Webb (one of its more thoughtful pronouncements in the diet/cardiac field) with an arch drawing of an angel squaring off against a devil on a margarine carton. It was an all-too-apt illustration of addled demonologies.

There are various lessons to be drawn from these spectacles, each more depressing than the last. One is that most people emerge from American public schools with a scandalous ignorance of basic science. What can blather about "free radicals" and "omega-3 fatty acids" mean to readers who do not know a radical from a complete molecule or an acid from a base? Many of those who write about diet and health are equally ignorant. It would be a great atmosphere for peddling miracle products to the gullible even if the Food and Drug Administration had not loosed the floodgates on health claims for foods in 1987, under the patriotic prodding of the Office of Management and Budget. The nutrition oracles of the press do little to criticize the proliferation of useless brand-name monuments to public hypochondria. (In my local supermarket, AKZO Salt's "Salt Sense," created by some genius who found a way to make the same amount of salt take up a third more space, brazenly proclaims that it has "33% less sodium" than regular salt;

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what it has, at more than three times the cost, is 33 percent less *salt*, plain old NaCl. On a nearby shelf a product called "CholestAid" would have you lowering your cholesterol with, among other things, a daily dose of niacin about fifteen times the basic physiological requirement but far short of the amount needed for any effect on serum cholesterol.) What we too often see is the blind leading the blind—straight to the shelves of low-sodium soy sauce, reduced-fat cheeses and other products that have never been shown to have the slightest health benefit for the general public.

Equally troubling is the general social and historical naïveté of the eat-for-health pundits. Most have no concept of nutrition except in terms of the choices open to a well-fed, trend-conscious stratum of society. Only from a uniquely privileged position can we think that a green salad is "more nutritious" than a candy bar or a hot dog. The worst nutritional problem in the world is and has always been lack of calories, otherwise known as starvation. Contemporary America is obviously another case—but even in contemporary America, finding foods that provide the most calories for the buck makes a ghastly short-term nutritional sense for millions of poor people. Meanwhile magazines, newspapers, videos and TV hawk a dogmatic agenda of slenderness and fitness to the comfortably-off. "Hard physical labor is back in style and equipment is available," announced the *Times* in the mid-1980s.

You will not often find the media health gurus commenting on such eye-openers as the federal report "Health United States 1989," which showed that black people are dying from strokes at a rate double that of whites, or a 1985 Los Angeles County study that found deaths from heart disease among the poor far outstripping those among affluent citizens. The health consequences of entrenched social inequities are ignored in favor of the life-style rituals of the upwardly mobile.

Nutribabble has as much to do with understanding nutrition as televised election debates have to do with explaining campaign issues. The chief product it sells is *itself*, soundbite by soundbite. As *Redbook* informed us a while back, "To stay healthy you have to eat wisely—and keep up with all the latest nutrition news." The proper response to this flapdoodle is a loud, "Oh yeah?" □

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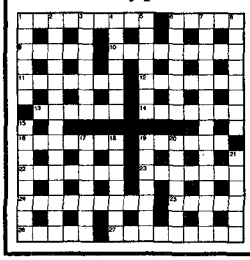

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A	■	N	■	O	■	N	■	R	■	C	■	X	■	C
R	E	F	U	T	E	D	■	I	N	C	I	T	E	R
A	■	E	■	A	■	R	■	E	■	O	■	I	■	O
B	U	R	N	T	■	O	F	F	E	R	I	N	G	S
I	■	N	■	I	■	M	■	■	■	D	■	C	■	S
A	P	O	L	O	G	E	T	I	C	■	O	T	T	O
N	■	■	■	N	■	D	■	C	■	H	■	■	■	N
N	I	C	E	■	R	A	C	E	C	O	U	R	S	E
I	■	A	■	W	■	■	■	L	■	U	■	E	■	S
G	A	R	G	A	N	T	U	A	■	S	A	L	E	M
H	■	D	■	L	■	I	■	N	■	E	■	E	■	I
T	R	I	P	L	E	D	■	D	E	T	R	A	I	N
S	■	A	■	E	■	E	■	E	■	O	■	S	■	D
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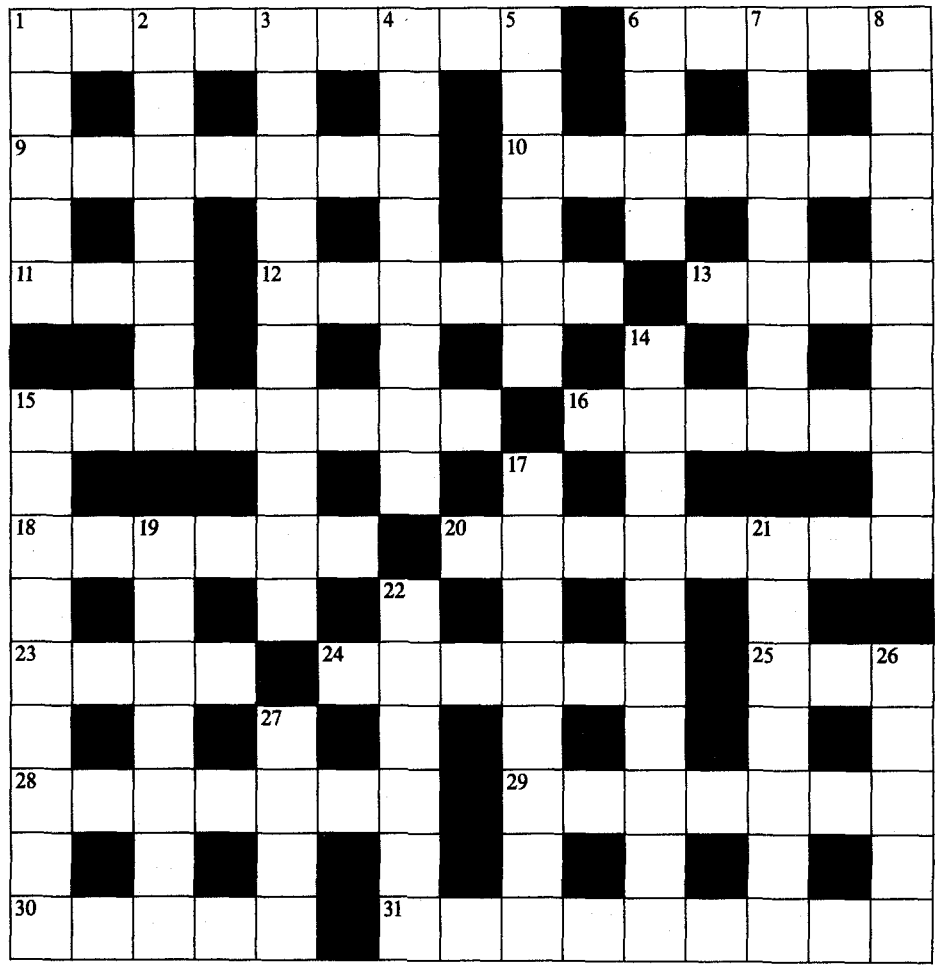

ACROSS

1 In Manila, under-education should be cleaned up! (9)
6 and 27 down On the face of things, indications of debt might seem triflingly funny! (9)
9 Gents in trouble seem to be like some sitting birds! (7)
10 A traditional place for speakers, therefore father comes back to fight for it. (4-3)
11 See 13 across
12 Not exactly so rich as to be like often unpaid singers. (6)
13, 23, 6 down and 11 Robin, for example, has a place to sit, with a show of skill or courage to the lady, but they won't be found separately. (5,2,1,7)
15 There's no alternative for 14 down, in which parachutists may start out. (4,4)
16 Make a mistake about the rough sea, and it might cause a wipe-out! (6)
18 Walker having less of a goal, Eric wrote mysteries. (6)
20 A specialist in 8 down usually doesn't have to strip this to make a model retreat. (8)
23 See 13
24 Possibly got the idea for a bad place to live? (6)
25 See 1 down
28 Sounds like a medal and like a press alternative (4,3)
29 They might show where you fired people who try to find other people. (7)
30 The evil is on you and me but it might hurt if stopped. (5)
31 Shows the record certainly doesn't win! (9)

DOWN

1 and 25 across A meal may take a long time. (8)
2 Sometimes associated with the downs, they go with egg, which the market might like to see. (7)
3 People who do should use saucers, but it isn't instantly made. (4,6)
4 One that goes with guys on stage is in tatters, but they could be slang for bag ladies. (3,5)
5 and 22 down Bush-warfare preliminaries? That's one way to to leave the army with only the protection of chivalry. (6,6)
6 See 13
7 The design of a sloppy bib, in the unlikely case of certain drivers . . . (7)
8 . . . with what might be driven by 7, getting me dry, perhaps in a somewhat stuffy business. (9)
14 A fight that shouldn't cost anyone a penny! (4-3-3)
15 Ensigns going to certain joints? You would try to, certainly, if cast adrift. (9)
17 Someone like Hitler does, and calls out the letters. (7)
19 With nothing on, and nothing on for the fool. (7)
21 Traditionally, losers? (7)
22 See 5 down
26 Counted in the informal census? (5)
27 See 6 across

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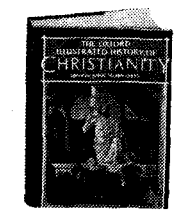

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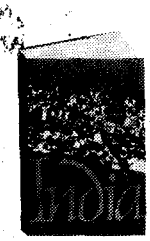

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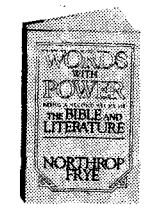

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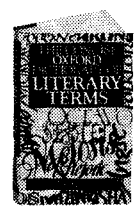

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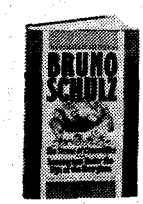

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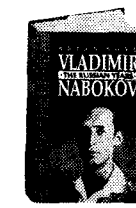

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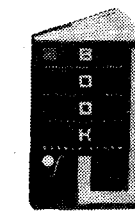

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